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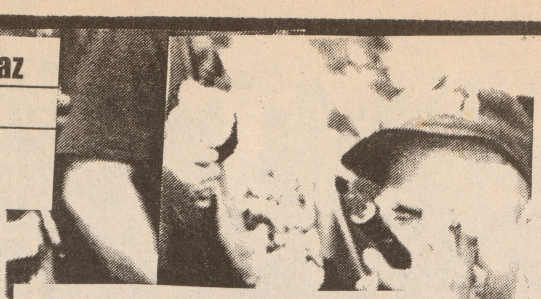

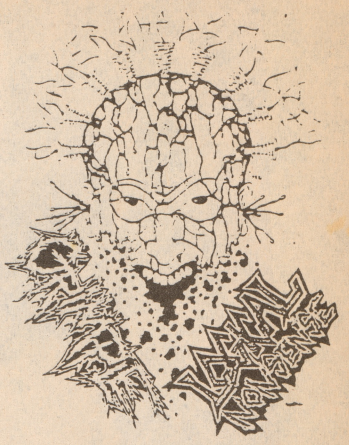

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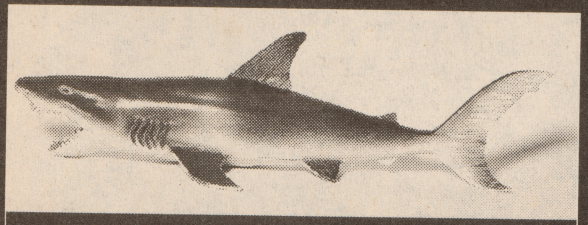

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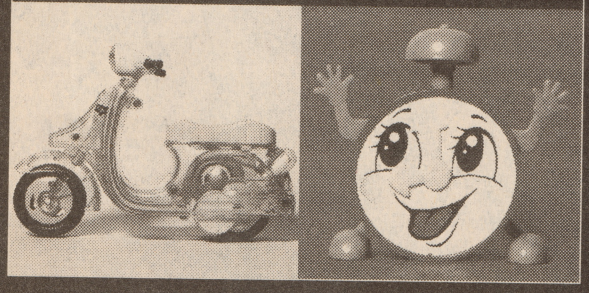

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The Top Ten Best / Worst Films of 1995

On the cover:
HOARSE
Layout by **Carl Hoch, Ken Knott**
Photos by **Ken Knott**

EDITOR'S RANT

Awright folks, if you peruse this issue's **Vent** section, down at the bottom is the "**Phone Message of the Month**," along with my response. Now, for those of you out there in **ETCH**-land who don't know, **Tesco** is **Tesco Vee**, lead singer of the sophmoric and increasingly vapid **Meatmen**. Once upon a time **Mr. Vee** was kind of a big deal here in Michigan, playing the H.C. circuit, etc. and achieving moderate success. The **Meatmen's** early rise was due in large part to the "shocking" homophobic, racist and sexest drivel that gets teenage boys giggling. Fine. It was a different scene in 1981-82, and we all moved on and grew up. Not **Tesco**. Nope, he's kept on cranking out more-n-more crap, recruiting new band members when needed, and acting the whole time like some freakish class clown who hasn't been funny in years. And now, since we were the first magazine that's ever printed his real name, **Tesco** had a hissy-fit and (in typical junior-high fashion) called in the aforementioned message printed in the **Vent** section. So dear reader, if you'll allow me to speculate, I'm guessing that maybe **Tesco's** so cheesed at us because people who may have never known about his involvement in the punk rock scene (or his band) will find out that this middle-aged adolescent has a side that he's too embarassed to admit to "civilians." I mean, if I were pushing 40 and was still singin' songs about my wiener, I suppose I'd be a little nervous about friends, family and professional associates finding out. I'd be afraid that they'd learn about my childish lyrics and my preening about like an over-sexed 15-year old who's at a friend's house for a sleep over, oogling over his dad's **Playboys**. But then again, given **Tesco's** past and current track record, I guess I would be angry, too, if the truth was ever let out. And so, keeping things in that spirit, I would like all of you out there to know that the **n. bates** by-line belongs to yours truly. **Norman Zebrowski = n. bates**, and from now on I will be writing under my real name because I have nothing to hide from my friends, family or professional acquaintances. I'm too old now to play "let's pretend" with anyone much less the public and I'm proud of my name and the accomplishments that are attached to it.

ETCH magazine

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MAIL

Dear **ETCH**,
Thanks for the great review! Here's another one* to wipe your ass with. We'll be seeing you later up here in "Whitey" town!

Skeeter

*The "one" refers to **Skeeter's** magazine **Heshen Aggression**. See **D. Wood's** review **in ETCH** [Vol. II - No. I], **NZ.**

Dear **ETCH**,
Never say die! From the country of world domination I greet you. I am very happy to announce the reformation of a far superior, electronically enhanced German **God Bullies**. Accept no substitutes. Besides, Hamburg beats the hell out of Kazoo.

Mike Hard

Look for "Thrall" when I come back and get you.

ETCH,
Cool zine. Surprisingly there's a lot of sarcastic writing, usually free mags are just "fluff," promoting local crap (probably their friends).

Enclosed is the debut **Patron Saints** EP (please review). If you dig lo-fi garage punk this won't disappoint. We should have new stuff out in three or four months. We don't really fit in with most other local bands doing this style (though we like **The Hentchmen** and **Monarchs**) 'cuz usually they're actually glam like the **Runaways** or too retro, like some "oldies" bar-band.

Who does this **Butterwick** clown* think he is? Probably an acoustic guitar wielding Ann Arbor hippie. The **God Bullies** are much more entertaining (their New Year's Eve show at the **Old Miami** last year was the utmost in sexual psychosis!) than some dorky singer/songwriter singin' 'bout his baby dyin' in a plane crash. Screw 'em. Who cares if some band is gonna "get somewhere" with their music? Is it that much of a thrill to say "I know those guys!?"

Don't know much about East Lansing, except that **Hero Pig** rock! **Botfly** is an annoying **Red Hot Chili Peppers**-meet-**Spin Doctors** waste and **the d.t.'s** are pedestrian college-rock complete with flannel, ball caps, cut-off pants. Like a cheese pizza or a "plain" hamburger. And ***Progressive Torch & Twang*** is a cool radio show.

Oh yeah, to **C. Fuller**, check out these early - mid 70's records and bands:
Stray "Suicide" and **"Saturday Morning Pictures"**
Three Man Army "One Third Of A Lifetime" and 2nd LP
Utopia (not the **Todd Rundgren** band)
Tin House
Robin Trower "Twice Removed From Yesterday"
Ramatan "In April Came the Red Dawn" (I think that's the title)
Armageddon (featuring late **Yardbirds** singer **K. Re** [can't decipher the writing - sorry, **NZ**])

Blue Mountain Eagle	**Illusion**
Orang-Utan	**Steamhammer**
American Eagle	**Wishbone Ash** (1st LP)
The American Dream	**Sir Lord Baltimore**
Ilmo Smokehouse	**The Scorpians "Lonesome Crow"**

Atomic Rooster (with "Death Walks Behind You")
Fanny Adams
Group Therapy "37 Minutes of..."

Frantic	**Jukin' Bone**
Floating Bridge	**Frijid Pink "London Defrosted"**
Heavy-Metal Kids	**Nazareth** (1st LP only!)
U.S. Apple Corps	**Edgar Broughton Band**

Trilogy "I'm beginning to feel it"
Baby (unknown Texas band, circa '75)

unsigned / **Patron Saints**

*See **ETCH** [Vol. I - No. III], **NZ.**

ETCH,
Hi. Quite a cool mag you've got there. I don't even know how I got one; I live in Seattle (a city with loads of zines & mags but precious few dig the true rock-n-roll the way **ETCH** does) & anyway I'm sure I stole it from someone, but since your mag is free, it's not really stealing, is it.

I'm writing for a couple reasons. (1) To let you all know that **ETCH** is pretty darn cool. So (2) I'm sending some $ to pay for postage for, I don't know, some new issues (I have Vol. 1 - #5) or some back issues & maybe put me on yr mailing list if you have one. (3) There is this funny zine out of Ontario, Canada that is called

UCKING THINGS < check it out if you want
162 Daly Ave. #12
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1N 6E9

& it's run by this guy named **Pat**. He's very into surf/garage & gave the **Gories** a thumbs up in a "cool list."

In fact, it was a **Blacktop** review that caught my attention 1st for **ETCH**. ***Baaaad Feelin'*** was one of my favorite records of last year, up there w/ the **Red Aunts** & the **Slave Apts.**

Things are pretty bleak up in the NW right now everyone is flipping out over the worst bands but good bands get ignored. Good bands in Seattle include: **The Dunwich Whores**, **Pop Slavery**, **Primate 5**. **Shug** are real cool. **The Statics** & the **Fall-outs** are pretty cool too. I could also slag a bunch of lame bands by name but what's the point? They're lame & this will eventually become known. No new records have come out lately. But it's still early.

(4) Now I have a question about buying records. My friends are all divided & arguing about this. When you buy a record, do you (a) tear off the plastic - or - (b) just make a slit along the side to pull the record out??? You can imagine how serious this is amongst our friends & offer a suggestion... or you can think we're a bunch of dorks w/ not enough to do & too many records.

But there is more. The price tag. When you buy a record w/ a price tag on it, do you (a) remove the price tag so not to clutter the cover w/ stickers that remind you of the evils of consumption. Or (b) do you leave the price tag on as a subtle boast to your bargain-hunting prowess. > for example "You only paid $3 for the 3rd **Wire** album? How do you do it???" (True story) To complicate things, what if you pay a lot for a record that you've GOT to have but will later be ragged on for shelling out big bucks on. We still rip on our friend who spent $25.00 for a copy of **Paul's Boutique** of all things, especially cuz our smart friend **Jen** bought one for 50 cents at a library book sale.

Anyway, that's the dilemma. Send all replies, magazines, mix tapes (**Gories** rare stuff? Live **Hyenas**???) to:

Chris Lorraine
321 Boston St. Apt. C
Seattle, WA 98109

I love the Motor City (ok & Lansing too). Keep up the good stuff w/ **ETCH** & dig that rock-n-roll.
Mix tapes / zines etc. will be answered in kind w/ crap from the "Great Northwest."

Chris, here's the answer. (A) Never wear the shrink wrap over your face, as it is known to suffocate the wearer. However, if you leave the shrink wrap on your records, there is an up-side. If the record sucks, you can use your wrapped record as a place mat. My copy of **U2's *Boy*** works great! Nary a single coffee stain has reached the near pristine cover inside. (B) Always take the price tag off. I always do so because I took a fierce ribbing for spending a lot of doh-rey-me on **Boss Hog's** first LP. My pals zing me enough, and leaving the price tag on only gives 'em more ammo. Heck, I hate goin' record shopping with them 'cause they're so mean. In fact maybe they're not even my pals... Hey, **Chris**, thanks for opening my eyes as to what a bunch of jerks my friends really are. Those dirty bastards, rag me for my picks, eh? I'll show them. **NZ.**

Dear **ETCH**,
Thanks for sending me the issue of **ETCH** that has the review of my zine in it. The bad review doesn't bother me. It's only **Scott Joyner's** opinion, and not everybody's going to like my zine. What does bother me, however, are rip-offs.

Several months ago, I sent money (a money to be exact) to **Sludge Productions** - AKA **Leon Chase** - for a tape. Well, as you may have guessed, I haven't received that tape. I also sent **Leon** two very polite letters, and I still did not get any response of any type.

I thought I'd tell you about what happened because I heard about **Sludge Productions** (**Leon Chase**) from **ETCH**. Keep in mind, I don't blame you or **ETCH** at all for what happened. But, I thought I should bring the matter to your attention. As I plan on also informing the readers of my zine about what happened between me and **Sludge**. If you do know **Leon** perhaps you can bring this to his attention as he has been ignoring me.

Thanks for your time.
Jonathon Stone (The Politically Incorrect Journal)
PO Box 771
Grand Haven, MI 49417

...The tape I sent out for, by the way, was ***The Exciting Sounds of Leon***.

Jonathon, we don't know **Leon** at all, the material he sent us (tape / cartoons / etc.) was unsolicited. I do know that **Mr. Chase** now resides in San Francisco, CA and if he contacts us, I'll pass along your concerns. **NZ.**

ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE OF THE MONTH

"Hey **Ken**, this is **Tesco**. Hey listen - printing my real name was a low blow, (expletive deleted).* You're the first magazine that's ever done it. (expletive deleted)!"

Hey **Tesco**, this is **Norm**. Hey listen - I'm only sorry we spelled it wrong!

*See **ETCH** [Vol. II - No. I], **NZ.**

7000 DYING RATS: Making Spazmosity A Household Word

by Bryan Ramirez

"So, what are these **7000 Dying Rats**?" That was the thought constantly circulating my head as I drove to K-zoo to play a show with these **7000 Dying Rats**. The first impression was perfect. **7000** were sandwiched between my ensemble and K-zoo's own **Liminal**. Seven road weary guys (fresh from a long drive from NYC) stumbled on stage, threw on their intimidating ski masks, and reeled themselves into defense tactic position for their very purpose: To kick your ass into submission. Not to say they physically beat me, but my mind sure was black-and-blue. Let's just say that my dream to witness Wrestlemania in the flesh came true. These guys tore into chaotic speed metal-meets-**The Boredoms**-meets-**A.C.**-meets- a 20 car pile-up in your front yard, with two brute singers, jumping, writhing, thrashing, and even humping on stage. All this in one night and, yes, it was good, thank you.

Since then, I've been in constant contact with one of the brute singers: **Toney Vast-Binder**. During one of our conversations I came up with a great idea: I want to make **7000 Dying Rats** famous. How? By writing this article for one million plus readers and cause some sort of frenzy, then take credit for their success, grab my earnings, move to Hollywood and blow my stash in one weekend. All kidding aside, you would shit at the credibility these guys have achieved by simply having a good time. First off are the self-released platters on **Toney's** own label, **Anti-Music**, the ***Miracle of Levitation*** comp. on K-zoo's **Gentle Giant** label, a triple 7-inch boxed-set on the pseudo-Mexican label **Stomach Ache**, a **RRR** CD comp. of **Throbbing Gristle** covers titled ***Entertainment Through Pain*** (sharing the bill with **Merzbow**, **Skullflower** and others) and a summer release on Japan's **H.G. Fact** label, titled ***No Fate Vol. 2***.

It doesn't stop there. A majority of the seven members have other projects to tend to. Here's the confusion: Other than running **Anti-Music**, **Toney** has a side project called **Sheephead** that includes the **Alley Sweeper** (another great label that released a **Masonna** 5-inch and a **Null / Lull** split) head honcho and other singer, **Josh Diebel**, who does another project called **Last Day Of The Sun**, with keyboard player **Steve Rathbone** who has the help of sax player, **Scott Bridges**, for the **Junken Groil** outfit. Then there's the **Davies** label boss, bass guy **John Davies** (also a **Durango 95** dude), who used to be in **Phunnhogg** with drummer **Eric Mikich**. The guitar situation is another story. I had met a guy who was called "**Tim**." I guess he sort of stopped showing up to hold down his end of the deal. This is where former **Mossback** member, **Justin Berger**, steps in. Confused? If not, something is wrong with you.

Interview? Yeah, I did that with **Toney**. I asked a few questions, but it turned into our usual conversation, so it's none of your business. Although one of the few things I'll share with you, is how they actually balance time between **7000** and their several other projects. "This is what we do when we get together as that particular group," says **Toney**. "Sometimes it's a main focus and other times it takes a back-burner." There are 46 songs on their triple box set. 46 fucking songs on three little 7-inch records! What the fuck? How about writing or practicing or something? "Every time until now, we kind of went into the studio and just did it. Make it up as we go along." I guess I'm just too naive. Listening to their quick outbursts of grudge (not grunge) metal rock ranging from a few seconds to a minute or so, went beyond me. Okay. Remember we have the extreme vision to go along with their sound antics. I figured they might get hassled for their hi-jinx on stage. "We haven't had any problems with ideology. Most people are smart enough to understand we're kidding around." Overall, "sometimes we're not too good at changing their minds about the perception." continues **Toney**, "Sometimes we feed off that. If they want to think we're idiots, it's not too hard to convince them otherwise (laughter)."

Now, what more do you want? This Detroit band's universe has been squished into a tiny shell for y'all to indulge in. It's as if I cracked open a bottle of wine for you to take a whiff of, and then want a swig. Well, it would be best to look up their label addresses and score some of their killer platters. Unless, of course, if they were to come personally to you, all I can say is you better have the fridge stocked with brew and ways to keep these guys in good spirits. Maybe wear a bunny suit.

IMPROVISING THE FUTURE

Air Liquide interview by Mike Pfeiffer

Formed over six years ago in Germany by two frustrated artists, **AIR LIQUIDE** take techno, or "electronic music" as they refer to it, to the very extremes. Yet, what remains more interesting about **AIR LIQUIDE** is their ability to translate this highly innovative sound into a form of music that is both accessible and danceable. I spoke to the very German-accented and customized **Walker**, one half of **AIR LIQUIDE**, over the phone and this is what he had to say:

ETCH: How long has AIR LIQUIDE been around?

Walker: **Jammin' Unit** and myself got together around six years ago, producing music for hip-hop and the like, then changed directions to start making our own music.

ETCH: Having been in the U.S. before, can you compare our "techno" scene to that of yours in Germany.

Walker: I've really only been to New York, and there is no scene in New York. While in Europe it's huge. It's not underground in Europe, it's like pop music. And you can't compare us to them (popular techno artists) because we're not commercial, they don't let go, they're too perfect and not interesting any more, just boring.

ETCH: Which type of music do you like playing, the quirky and groovy, or the ambient and atmospheric?

Walker: I prefer a mixture of it. I like to play the dark, moody material, then drop an acid beat if it gets too boring. I like to bring in a lot of different styles to the music.

ETCH: AIR LIQUIDE is very into "live" studio recording, how do you accomplish this?

Walker: We don't play on computers, so it's like a jam session. We play into one track for about 10 minutes, then record another and just mix it. Before we play, we each think about what we want to play, then we go in the studio and play off one another.

air liquide

ETCH: With the techno scene, there's a lot of talk about "alternate" mind sets, i.e. drug taking. Would you like to comment on this?

Walker: Music has always been influenced by drugs. **THE BEATLES** would have never made some of the music they made without drugs. It's not necessary to take drugs, but we are not teachers, do whatever you want to do. I take drugs to expand my mind musically.

ETCH: Did the Detroit techno scene have an impact on your music?

Walker: No. Not at all. We come from totally different styles. We were influenced more by the avant garde music of **CAN** and **NEU!** and more impressed with the music coming from Chicago.

ETCH: In what directions do you see AIR LIQUIDE going in the future?

Walker: We want to record in **Dolby** surround sound. We don't try to plan ahead too much. But we're going to really trip things, to make more complex tracks that are difficult to see the structure, something really slow and really funky.

ETCH: You occasionally use vocals in your music, do you see yourself continuing this?

Walker: We would really like to use more vocals. But it is difficult for us because we don't like clear messages in our music.

ETCH: Do you prefer your music on vinyl or CD format?

Walker: For me, CD because it is longer, better to relax and trip out to.

ETCH: Which of your two new CD's do you prefer, the *Red* or *Black*?

Walker: I don't compare them like that. They are for very different states. ***Red*** is very dancy and groovy. ***Black*** is the dark side of our mind and is more frightening. It depends on the mood I'm in.

ETCH: Are there any other bands or music that currently excite you?

Walker: There are a number of bands we promote on our own labels. These are small labels for jungle music, electronic, acid, etc. We make a limited amount of these records and ship them to a few record shops.

ETCH: Will you be touring the U.S. soon?

Walker: We would like to, but it's too expensive right now. It would cost a lot of money to bring over our equipment. We may do some live sets in the future with small set ups.

AIR LIQUIDE has recently released two brilliant CD's on **Sm:)e Records**. ***Red*** is recommended for dancing till your feet are sore, and ***Black*** is for laying back on the couch and taking journeys into your own unknown territories.

Why would anyone pay attention to BURMA JAM, a band that has not played live in over two years? According to ETNA, The Sound Of TheUnderground out of Belgium, who uses superlatives like "spurting lava with reviewer ranting in ecstasy", it's because they're "crucial, innovative, brilliant, and just a micron away from perfection." Perhaps it is the signature guitar of Tim Harriss, who now plays in the punk band KEPONE? Or maybe the Alternative Press notion that BURMA JAM "intermingles the influences of rock, ska, punk/HC, and morsels of samples in the framework of reggae like frosting on a cake" was just too piquant to quelch interest. So...Turn Of The Century took the plunge. You can now get BURMA JAM's latest, "New Ground", from Turn Of The Century's catalog ($8 ppd., and so worth it), BOB Records, or upon request from your local hometown record store. Also available: BURMA JAM's "Emergency Broadcast System" and the "New Dominion" compilation. For a free catalog, write to:

Turn Of The Century
50 Lexington Ave., Suite #197
NY, NY 10010
totc@delphi.com http://www.contrib.andrew.cmu.edu/~ic29

TURN OF THE CENTURY

CHILDREN OF THE BONG

"Open-Minded Madness"

CHILDREN OF THE BONG are a techno band from England that combine hip-hop rhythms with weird noises, producing a cosmic cacophony of sound. Comprised of long-time friends, **Rob Henry** and **Daniel Goganian**, **CotB** are just starting to get recognition in the States with their amazing full-length CD ***Sirius Sounds***. I spoke with **Rob**, who called me at 1:30 AM from their house in England. In a surprisingly alert and coherent voice, considering the hour, **Rob** told me he had just gotten back from a night of clubbing.

ETCH: What do you think of the current electronic music scene? What kind of state do you think we're in now?

CotB: Well, I can only tell you about England. At the moment, it's going through a big change. For the past two or three years it was techno dominated, boom-boom, four to the floor. I was into it, but more for the acidy noises. Now that beat has gotten a bit boring, and it needs more of a groove to lock onto. Stuff can be a lot slower than that now. People are opening up to many different things, like jungle. Electronic music is widening up, look at all the rooms at a rave: a jungle room, a chill room, etc. I've been wanting this to happen.

ETCH: What is your background in music?

CofB: It's really insane. I played guitar until 11th grade and was really influenced by it. I was into rock, then I got into the **RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS** and that sort of funkiness, and that led me to acid house. So, in '88 - '89 I really got into electronic music. At college they had a 16 track studio, and **Dan** and I played around in there for two years, learning how to work on all these bits of equipment. At the same, I found a massive dub influence. I went to a dub club, it changed my attitude and gave me a foundation for drum and bass. So, all this gets mixed in my head and comes out in this electro- dance, hip-hop sort of thing. Since we were eight, **Dan** and I always wanted to use a sort of hip-hop beat in music.

ETCH: The thing I like about your music is all the different layers of sound and the weird noises.

CotB: That's what really got us going, these weird noises that were like "wow," and these riffs that are some mad sort of sound. That's what I really like, stuff that turns your speakers inside out.

ETCH: What are you currently working on?

CotB: We toured everywhere last year, so we've been working on gigs. We're working on music for this children's program, backing music nothing special, but we got some bucks. I've been working on a jungle track. I think we're going to work on an EP soon, then an album later this year.

ETCH: What are your favorite non-electronic artists or music.

CotB: Dub, Dub, Dub, Dub! You know, **Augustus Pablo**. I'm really into trip-hoppy stuff too, not really jazzy, but new sort of hip-hoppy stuff that has beats and funky bass lines. I think there's some really brilliant reggae. I'm not into rock anymore though, the sound of the guitar is so boring!

ETCH: Did the Detroit techno scene influence you at all?

CotB: No, not really (laughing). I like **PLASTIKMAN**. That stuff and the New York Garage-y stuff, I don't really like. Garage house is the worst. Techno, in general, hasn't really influenced me, maybe some of the early **MEGA-DOG** stuff, or **APHEX TWIN**, the real weird stuff. I really like the psychedelic-edged techno and Detroit doesn't have that. I'm sure there's some good stuff there though. It's weird how people can be influenced by the same sort of thing and come out with something totally different. It's good.

ETCH: Do psychedelics play a role in your music?

CotB: You mean drugs, right?

ETCH: Yes.

CotB: I used to do a lot of that when I was 17 or 18, but I gave it up around 19, because I really wasn't learning anything new from it. It showed me a lot of things, some things I didn't need to see, but now I just smoke lots of ganja. Ganja gets me in a real music making mood, everything just falls into place. I don't do it all the time though.

ETCH: What do think of all the new chemical drugs?

CotB: It's big in England right now, but I really hate it. I know a lot of people who do it, "E" (ecstasy) especially. It got real trendy, but it's not for my mind. But, coming back to the point, drugs definitely influenced the way we wrote music. Now, less so, our stuff is rougher, maybe less trippy, (and) has a bit more of a punch.

ETCH: There's a real separation between alternative rock and electronic music here in the U.S., what's it like in England?

CotB: That's kind of weird, I mean over here it's very psychedelic influenced, so it all sort of comes from rock. In England the hippies are going crazy over techno, they're into it and it's great. I'm a hippie and I'm into it. It's strange it hasn't happened in America. I guess it's just the **GRATEFUL DEAD** in the States, and they're not even psychedelic, they sound like a country band. Not one weird noise or anything. Hopefully people will pick up on us though, because we got a lot of hip-hop in our sound.

ETCH: Have you done any remixes yet?

CotB: We did one for a band called **HEAD**. There's an industrial band called **PIG** and they were over at our house the other day. We're going to do a jungle mix for one of their songs. **PIG** is huge in Japan. I'd like to do different remixes, not just a jungle remix of a jungle track. There's not much I'd like to remix. If they come around, I wouldn't turn it down.

ETCH: Do you think there's a crossover between industrial and techno?

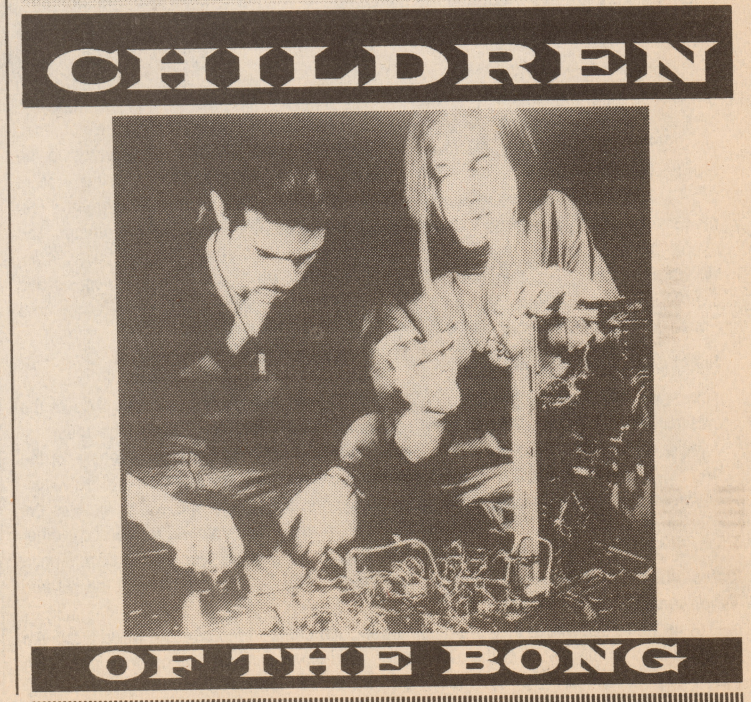
CotB: I don't know. Industrial has gotten trashy and metally, instead of being weird and wacky. I used to be into thrash metal -- when I was 15.

ETCH: What are your future goals for **CHILDREN OF THE BONG**?

CotB: Touring America is one, at least North America, but not Texas. **BANCO DE GAIA** played Texas, and only a couple men and their sheep were there. I think he was disappointed. Also, to earn enough money from music to be comfortable, or at least get off the dole (England's welfare system). All this is happening, but we're still on the dole and dreaming a little.

ETCH: Do you think you're always going to remain so excited about playing music?

CotB: Yeah, I think so. As long as people are going to be open-minded enough to listen to it, I'll still be into it. Music for the open-minded.



THE MASTER MUSICIANS OF JAJOUKA

FEATURING BACHIR ATTAR

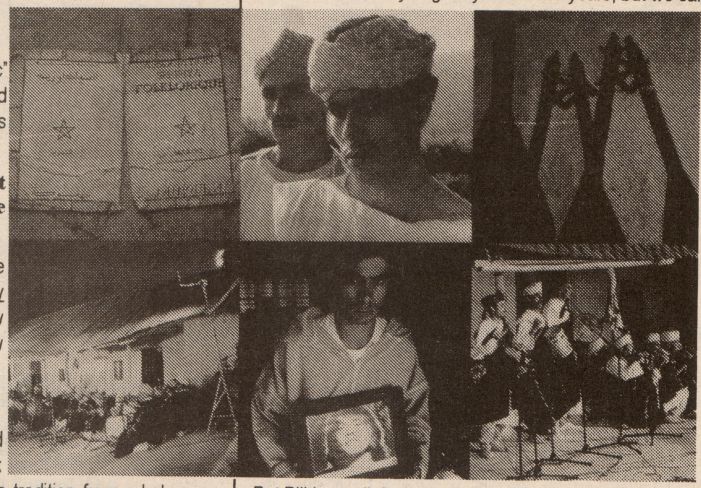
On October 21st, 1995, dressed in their ceremonial gowns, the **Master Musicians of Jajouka** lulled an Ann Arbor audience into a trance of both musical and religious awe. Hailing from the blue Djebala foothills of the Rif Mountains of Morocco, these musicians performed ancient songs that have been passed down through the Attar family, from father to son, for hundreds of years, and were once only played in the palaces of Moroccan kings. This concert, which was part of their first-ever American tour, brought us the traditions of a culture almost lost in the wake of the modern world. Performed on special horns designed by the god Bou Jeloud, this unique music carries a magical message, transcending our usual understanding of the role of music in our lives. **ETCH** was fortunate to speak to **Bachir Attar**, the leader of the musicians, and the man most responsible for keeping the music alive for western audiences.
(Interview by **EJ Hamacher** and **Matt Bour**)

Your concert went over well last night, have you been touring much lately?

Bachir Attar: We have been touring since 1980 in Europe. In '80, we toured all of Europe, in '82, we toured other countries in Europe. In '85, we toured again and then we went back to the village in Jajouka. Then in '88, I moved to New York for one year and I connected with the **Rolling Stones** and we did a track for the Steel Wheels album. They all wanted to come to Morocco and they brought a studio. We also did a commentary film for the **BBC**.

How does the music or rituals change when you perform them on a stage, rather than in the village?

When we play in the village it is different, because we play from midnight until sunrise outside. We start in the afternoon and play until dinner. We take dinner and drink tea, smoke kif. Then we go outside until the morning for the music and the Bou Jeloud dance. Of that one week, Brian Jones recorded one night in 1968. That's how he recorded that album, The Pipes Of Pan.



Do you like that recording?

Yes, I love it. That recording, I think, is the first "world music" recorded. Rock stars, people like Peter Gabriel and David Byrne. This is Brian Jones' idea, but they don't mention this man. Brian Jones is the man who had the taste.

You played some music last night that sounded as if it were directly off of The Pipes of Pan album. Are these specific songs?

The very first song was very, very old. We played only some songs for Bou Jeloud off the Apocalypse Across the Sky album, but the others, the ones with the gimbri, are my new compositions for Jajouka. They are love songs. (Note - a new album called Songs For The Mountains)

How is religion a part of the music?

We have some music that we don't play. I would like to record an album with only music of Jajouka, especially for sick people. For crazy people to become normal. We still have a tradition from a holy man who came 700 years ago. He loved the music of Jajouka and he gave words to the music. We play it on the horns and this music we still play in the morning in the tomb of this saint. To this place, many people come from Morocco, the sick, those who have lost their minds. We take them to a tree there and we play every Friday in the morning. The people become normal. It is true. Who knows about this? Paul Bowles, Brion Gysin, William Burroughs, Timothy Leary. These are people who taste the Jajouka music and they believe what is going on about the music. It is one music in the world, different from Arabic, Moroccan or Western. One family music - Attar family.

Is everyone in the group related?

Yes, some only their mother is from the family, but as always, the original guide of the music is Attar. From father to son, generation to generation. Before, the music of Jajouka was for the king of Morocco. They played in the morning and the evening for the king for many years. Each king gave them papers of respect stamped by the kings. Seven papers for seven kings. Our family worked in the palace and our music was the only music in Morocco. In the 1930's, when Spain and France moved to Morocco, other people got jealous of the musicians and they said to the Spanish, "Hey, these people have these papers from the kings." And we lost them. They put the musicians in the jail and they said, "Where are these papers?"

I want to tell you about how the music of Jajouka came to the western world. Jajouka moved back to the village in the mountains. Paul Bowles invited the great painter Brion Gysin to Morocco from Paris. Brion Gysin had written him and said, "I'm bored with my life." And Paul Bowles had said, "Come to see me and we try to find you something." They made plans to go to Marrakech. My father was in one festival where the trains stop (every) half-hour. Paul and Brion walked out and heard this music and Brion says, "I want to listen to this music for the rest of my life. This music is incredible. It changes my mind and it changes me now!" They went back to Tangiers and Brion starts to look. Many bands are brought, he ask, they play - "No, not them." One time he hears about Jajouka and so he goes with Paul to see the performance of the Bou Jeloud. He says, "This is the music!" Then he opened 1001 Nights, a club in Tangiers. That was the beginning. The people come that want to hear this music. William Burroughs comes and that is his connection with Brion Gysin. At the time Burroughs had started to write Naked Lunch and he heard the music and just loved it. Later, Brion connected with the Rolling Stones and Brian Jones wanted to come to the mountains to hear the music. That was the key. First Paul Bowles, Brion Gysin, William Burroughs, and the big key is Brian Jones. Brian leaves a message to Brion, "This is the music I want for my life also. I want to work with these musicians of Jajouka. I don't care about the Stones anymore. I want to do a tour with them." He is the first to want to jam with the guitar because he could take any instrument and play it right away. When he recorded, he went and mixed the sound and he left a message for the village, "I have the greatest album I want to produce in my life. I don't care about anything else." Then we heard Brian was dead in his swimming pool. The Stones took the album and put it on their label in '71 and everybody thought the Stones released it. They said, "What is this?! Put it away"! But later, people say, "Oh shit, this music is important but we didn't know it." Then the Stones stopped printing it and put it away. When Mick Jagger came in '89 and Keith Richards, we said, "Mick, we want this album re-released." And he said, "Oh we don't know who owns the rights." But they own the rights, I think. Then we see some Moroccan hustler, who was a boyfriend of Brion Gysin, had signed for the band and had sold the album to the estate of Brian Jones. We asked Mick and he said, "I will see." It took us from '89 until this year to get it from them. This is our music and a lot of bullshit. It was difficult to get, but I want to thank the Stones because they listened to us and they opened their hearts. To listen to us, somebody from the Third World and the Stones are so famous and big. But they said, "Here, for five years we'll give it to you, but we want it back." I don't know why, but they want it back. They originally said three years, but we said three years wasn't enough. No company would take it for three years, only five.

How was working with Bill Laswell?

Bill Laswell brought the studio to our village and we did the album and he left. He is always doing something different. Today he does something, tomorrow he does something. I think he didn't care about Jajouka, he just wanted to do the album and then go to do other things. We are looking for somebody who cares about Jajouka music. Like Print Music backs us and Polygram, they are very excited about taking off with the music. But Bill Laswell, I respect his work. He did a great job with us.

Were you with the band that recorded with Ornette Coleman?

Yes, in '73 the album Dancing In Your Head. That was the last time I saw William Burroughs. He came with Ornette to the village, and Ornette recorded 30 hours of music and then he put it away. This music is great because of my father. He was the best player of the music. He's the one who left the stamp in the world music. That's how I learned the music, from my father. He passed on in '81 after our tour in Europe.

What is the story behind the origin of the music and the ritual dances to Bou Jeloud?

It's a long history because our music is a gift from God, from holy people, from magic, like someone who can put their hand in fire but can't be burned. This music has a message. The holy people who knew the future, they spoke of the future and no one believed them. They said, "This music will be one in the world." And what do you see now? Where we play, people respect us. They love the music because it is different. We have this message from generation to generation. Before the recording, one holy man from the village said, "This music, you will hear it in the world." Before there was radio or anything like that. Now we find these things. I hear the music of Jajouka on the BBC radio. We were in the village and it came. It's magic. But anyway if we go to the history of Jajouka, the music comes together with the spirit, with the power of Baraka. A gift. Many years ago, this Bou Jeloud, the man who dances inside the skin. The story is that the grand-grand-grandfather of Attar, he was a shepherd. He had goats close to the cave of

Jajouka in the mountains. He was playing the flute and this man comes who is like a demon, half-goat (and) half-man. Attar stopped, scared. The man said to him, "Don't be afraid, I am the father of the skins. I am Bou Jeloud, I am Pan, and I want to give you the lessons of this kind of music called Bou Jeloudia." That's why this music is only for Bou Jeloud. Then he gave him the lessons and he told him, "Don't tell anybody about the connection between you and me." One time Attar told his family and Bou Jeloud disappeared (Note - the musicians perform their festival to get Bou Jeloud to return). Later, Attar killed a goat and put on the skin and came to the village to dance. That is the history, it is hard to explain, but that should give you an idea.

In your lifetime, has the religious part of the music suffered when it comes in contact with modern times?

No, Jajouka music never touches between modern and older rituals. I did some new compositions with Western people, with rock and roll people, but this is all new. You know, we are jamming and we see the skill of the jazz or the rock and roll. I can hear the skill of the music, if it is good, I will make it. If it's not, we can't do it. I can't jam with just anybody. I did a song with Debbie Harry, did you ever hear this song sung by her in Arabic? It is incredible. You should buy this album called, Cash Cow. I did the composition of the music and she sings in Arabic. I play the gimbri, the horn and the flute, with Haitian rhythm percussion. In Morocco, they love it. The album has many rock stars: Frank Zappa, Patti Smith has a poem, William Burroughs too. I just saw Debbie Harry. She came to see our show in New York. Ornette Coleman, he came too. He is very interested in doing a big tour with us.

You mentioned last night you would see us again soon.

Yes, Ornette said he wanted to do a tour together and he wants me to come to play with him in New York in three weeks. In November, soon!

How does the rest of the band like touring?

They are very happy. This tour in America is going to save the music of Jajouka to live in the earth. We are the last generation.

You don't have any sons in training?

No, because the schools and the times have changed. Everybody goes to school, like people my age before, we didn't make money so everybody went to the Army or to school to make a living. Only me and my little brother stayed with this music because we've never been in school, just with our family music. Now I feel happy that it is going to save this music to still live in the earth and continue. It is good we can make other kids see how music goes in the world. You say to them, "Learn this." They will be happy, because when they grow up, they can make a living at it and be comfortable. I've had to suffer, for I lived many years with no money. Just smoke, sit and play the music. I don't care about money.

I always wondered how the band survived.

I can say, if it wasn't for me, Jajouka music would've been finished, because everybody was thinking - we have to look for a living. But me, I kept them together. I said, "No, we have to keep our music, even if we suffer, God will open one door for us." To save the music. I promised them a long time ago we would have a world tour, which we have now. When we arrived in America, they all looked at me and said, "Oh, we can't believe it!"

Did you expect the large crowds that are coming to see you perform?

Yes, this is what I mean. People, I can tell, when they like Jajouka, it is like they are saving Jajouka.

We noticed during the concert that there was a real connection between you and the audience through the music.

Yes, Jajouka music, I want to tell you, when played, has this message from old. The people in the beginning, maybe they don't understand, but really, the music will get in them. For anybody, but quicker for people who are into music. Quick, it can get in their heart. At a performance, there are devils dancing, but you can't see them. It's the message we have had for many years. My father was invited by someone who was married to a devil woman. Her father was the King of the Devils. They have a festival and the man came to my father and said, "We want to invite you, but bring only the horn and the flute. Alone! If you want 100 kilos of gold, it will be in your home. Everything will come like magic." My father was scared. This man was best friends with him and anywhere my father played, this man was there. This man said, "I've been in America," and we didn't know anything about America. And the people didn't know about Europe and he said, "I've been in Europe, I've been all around the world." He always comes to the village and to the dogs of the village, he says, "Come here!" And the dogs come. I know when I explain something to the Western people, it's hard to make people understand something that doesn't happen in the First World or Europe. But my father said to this man, "Please, I can't do it, because if I go I will lose my mind. I will lose my children. Please I can't make it." And the man gave him some gold, saying, "This is a gift from the Devil's people, but you remember always when you play the music, the devils, they will dance in it. Always, from you to your sons. The devils will always be dancing there." This is the message we have. That's why I know when the music of Jajouka is played, the people will take it. They like it, they take it. They have to take it because of the magic.

The connection.

Yes! You are obliged to connect, to give it attention because something is different.

You mentioned during the concert, for the audience to feel the music in their blood...

Yes, in your blood because people have to go to listen to Jajouka music to open up. But some people can't and they say, "Let's go see this band, oh yea, oh okay, yea, we've seen Jajouka." There is no connection, no taste. These people, they don't get it. It only works for the people who come to listen and to see what happens. I think now the world is small, and we have to understand each other and what is going on in this world.

The music is calling you out.

Yes, it is calling, "Come here and feel it and relax!" With the music of Jajouka, anything you feel when you listen to it or see it, anything you feel in your life, you can get it. Really! That's how it was with William Burroughs, Brion Gysin and all the others. They were hoping for something and they got it.

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HOARSE

Are They Detroit's Next Big Thing?

'Twas a fine time indeed when I had the opportunity to sit down for a chat with Detroit's bonafide ass-masters of reality, **Hoarse**. As if you didn't know, the respective members of this highly-charged outfit are alumni of several Detroit bands, including **The Generals**, **The Almighty Lumberjacks Of Death**, **Sponge**, and even those Kansas-based farmers, **Paw**. Though they would prefer to squelch all talk of their past musical endeavors, it does bear at least a passing mention. And just as sure as Fedoosheeya in the back working on Jack the window washer, these guys are bound for the stars with a pack o' caffeine gum strapped to their scapula. **Hoarse** are full of Cadieux-soaked, righteous energy...baby. This interview took place at a silly little faux Irish pub in downtown Lansing on a rainy Wednesday night, when most of you right thinkers were probably at home nuzzled up to your cathode tube with your glossies peeled on ***Beverly Hills 90210***. I'm not criticizing, I'd have been doing the same thing if **Hoarse** hadn't rode into town earlier in the evening. They were accompanied by **Speedball** guitarist, soundman extraordinaire and all-around **Bud**-guzzlin' homeskillet **Bill Kozy** and the talk swirled around their fantastic 7-inch "Diamond" b/w "Bouncing Checks," and a few other choice topics. Come along for the ride... (Interview by **D. Wood**)

Let's start by talking about the second single for **Lame Records**. Who produced it ?

Jimmy: Well, we kinda produced it ourselves with **Tim Patalan**. We kind of went in knowing what we wanted to do with the recording and we recorded a bunch of tunes and that just ended up getting pressed out of necessity, from getting some airplay off a DAT recording. We were like, "Kick ass!"

So out of the songs recorded, you chose "Diamond" and "Bouncing Checks" as the two you wanted on the single?

All: Yes.
Robbie: We recorded 8 songs, we just went in to record them and we didn't have any expectations for them, but "Diamond" started getting played quite a bit and we decided to put that out with "Bouncing Checks" as a B-side.
John: It all started when **96.3 The Planet** asked us for a song on tape. I guess they wanted two songs, but we were like, "Fuck, let's just give 'em one song because they're not going to play it." At that time the only time Detroit bands got played on the air, was on the 11:00pm "home-gig" or whatever. So, we were like, "What song do we wanna put on the tape?" So we gave them "Diamond," and **Jimmy** had a good idea: "Why don't we put this out on a 7-inch." 'Cause we were thinking more along the lines of an EP. He was like, 'Let's get this out right now, the quickest way possible.' So we were like, "What song should be the b-side?" And we all said, "Yeah...let's do "Bouncing Checks."
Jimmy: We were all pretty much in agreement. It was a no-brainer.
John: Yeah, very little time was invested in that.

Sometimes with 7-inchers, the a-side is the thing and the b-side is the throwaway, but with this single, both sides are "a-sides!

Jimmy: I think everything we recorded in that session, there wasn't one throwaway.

"Bouncing Checks" is my favorite.

John: We open our set with that song.

Yeah, I found that out the other night at the **Foundry**!

John: Both of those songs came together really fast. We also wanted to do new songs, not songs that we had been playing the many months previous to **Jim** joining the band. We wanted to do new songs that people hadn't heard before.

Is **Lame** your own label?

John: **Lame** is **Ryan Harbage**. He went to high-school with me, and what happened was the original line-up was me and this bass player named **Aaron** and a drummer named **Matt**. **Aaron's** friend was set to put out a 7-inch for us, well, **Aaron** played our very first show and then we kicked him out of the band. It wasn't working out. **Aaron's** a good guy, but he was in a band to "be in a band," not to be good. When we kicked **Aaron** out, his buddy said he wasn't going to put out the 7-inch anymore. This guy **Ryan** came in right at that time and said, "I've got some money put away, and I'll put out a 7-inch for you." This was like August of '93. I was like, "Okay, cool. You'll do it." So we put out the first 7-inch which was "Long Gone" b/w "Shroud," 500 copies on green vinyl which we sold out in a few months. That came out in December of '93. I mean, it was no big deal, he basically did a really bad job of it. He didn't have any money to do anything but press it up. The mastering was crappy, he never took out any ads...we sold it at shows basically. Maybe a 100 copies distributed through **Dutch East** and **Cargo**. It was kind of shitty. He wanted to do an album and we were like, "No...that's okay." Then I took a sabbatical from the band in August of '94, when I came back we got **Jimmy** in the band. He's like, "I'll do whatever you guys want to do." At the time, I didn't know **Jimmy** had a buddy named **Irv** that is putting out the ***Puke-A--Rama*** stuff.
Jimmy: It was nice to be able...I mean I had my bad taste with the whole major label thing, and **John** had his bad experiences and it was so nice and refreshing to get back to that, which is the grass roots of it.
John: We put very little effort into thinking through.
Jimmy: We like to let things take their natural progression, I think that's the basis of this whole thing. When I started playing with **John** and **Rob** we knew it was like a grass roots kind of thing, just go on that natural progression. Getting back to how we picked "Bouncing Checks" and those kind of decisions, "lets think about it, which songs...what edit." It doesn't need to be thought about that much. Too much thinking fucks things up.

Is there a "**Hoarse**" philosophy?

John: Yeah, two of them. We all sit in the front seat, I mean we're all in the driver's seat. And you're either with us or against us.
Jimmy: Don't count on it until it's a sure thing, and when it's a sure thing, don't count on it. I think we're very philosophical in this band, because of a lot of those sayings you've heard really do hit home with us. I mean I've really been through the ringer.

What are some of the negative things about being associated with a major label?

John: It depends on the band's attitude.
Jimmy: You get out of something what you ask for.
John: Or what you're open to.
Jimmy: Exactly.
John: How much you're open to outside opinion is how much you're screwed.
Jimmy: How much you let those opinions permeate the bond that the band has. Sometimes that's not bad, sometimes bands need that. If you know what direction the band is going, you're not going to let that happen.

There (was) another band in Detroit (**Big Chief**) that was on a major label, now they're not and they couldn't be happier to be away from **Capitol Records**.

John: We're really good friends with those guys, and unfortunately they got caught in the shuffle, where the guy that brought them in was the guy that left, and when he left he was on bad terms with the company, so the president of the company said, "Fuck the bands you signed."
Jimmy: Their key man was gone.
Robbie: Even before ***Platinum Jive*** was out, they were having trouble with the label.
Jimmy: Those guys are smart... It's just that it happens. You know what it is, it's like picking up two dice, "How many passes am I gonna make?"
John: They're no worse for the wear, having gone through the bullshit. They've been around so long. If our only aspiration was to become a major label band we would be crushed if we were dropped. But you know, we haven't been at it as long as **Big Chief**, but I think we're influenced by those guys. Those guys did it their way, for their first major label release they put out almost a kind of inside joke album. That's kick ass - that's a ballsy move! So, they can always say, "Fuck everybody else...look at what we did."

Again about the second single, the artwork is so cool, (it's) **Mark Dancey** artwork. How did that come about?

Robbie: I was doing some work with him for his magazine, ***Motorbooty***. We had been tossing around what we wanted on the cover. So I asked **Mark** if he would do a drawing and he was like, "Cool."
John: We like the way their stuff is laid out. **Mark** is a great artist.
Robbie: The cover is basically a take on the song "Diamond," which is about my ex-fiancee. It's supposed to be me with my heart in my hands.
Jimmy: He just got a haircut that day.

Robbie: Actually, **Mark** and I both posed for that. He would, like, be on the ground saying, "Okay, now move over there a little bit." He gave me a big nose...just to be a jerk. He's quiet, but once you get to know him he's cool!

Do you guys consider yourselves a "power trio?"

John: No! I hate that! It's one of the most over-used phrases.
Jimmy: That name has been patented by another Detroit band, and they deserve it because they were the real "power trio."
John: (very sarcastically) **Illegal** !!!
Bill Kozy: It seems to me that **Hoarse** gets shit done, and it just happens that there's three guys in the band.

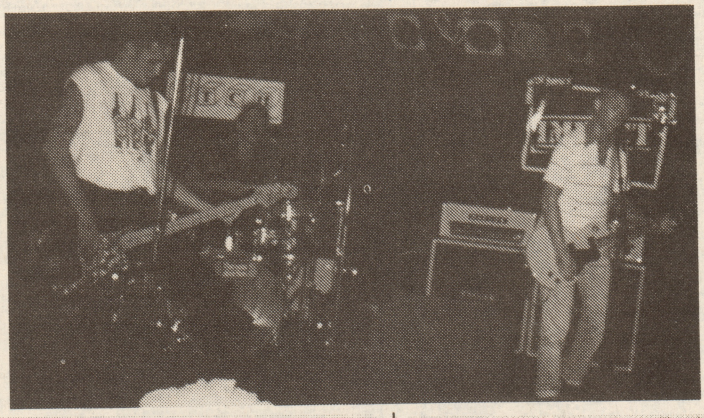
So "power trio" is something none of you relate to?

John: We're a three-piece by default. I consider this to be the line-up for **Hoarse**. Since **Jimmy** joined the band we've just gelled so completely...the band is no longer butting its head against the wall. I had to learn to sing and play guitar...actually, we very seriously considered getting a second guitar player at one point.

The first time I saw **Hoarse**, was at the **Speedball** CD release party last summer at **St. Andrew's**, and I remember about two songs into your set thinking, "Man, this band rules."

John: That was an exceptionally good night.
Jimmy: We had a blast that night. That was probably one of my favorite shows we've played.

I also distinctly remember **Robbie** taking a couple of swigs off a beer, then nonchalantly chucking the half-full bottle into the crowd.



Robbie: Actually it was a Labatt's and I hit some dude from Indiana in the head and he came up to me after the show (and said), "Man, you hit me in the head with that bottle." I was like, "Whoops, sorry. I was just trying to give you a beer and you didn't catch it...ya' chump."

I thought that was way cool! I thought at the time, "Now there's a bass player with guts!"

John: Remember when you were little, thinking about being a musician, all you could think about all day at school was going home and playing the guitar or drums or whatever? The first thing I would do is go home and go to my room and turn my amp up as loud as it would go and play for like three hours, playing every **Kiss** song I knew.
Jimmy: 'Cause that was fun, ya' know? Think about it.
John: And **Jimmy** and I have both been in bands where the fun has been brought out of the band, it became more like a job. The focus became on everything but having fun and playing music.

So many bands fall into that trap.

Jimmy: You sacrifice. It's like selling your soul for rock-n-roll, ya' know. Well, you're selling why you got into music in the first place, because it was fun and enjoyable. If I wanted to make money I could work a job on the assembly line. It costs everybody to play music, so why should it cost you to play music and NOT have a good time. We have fun.
John: When I was in **Paw**, when I came back to Detroit all my friends were like, "Yeah, you made it. You're in a band, I've seen those guys on **MTV**...blah, blah, blah." You know what? Music is like the three minute commercial every fifteen to my sitcom life. My life is a fucking soap opera, and music is every three minutes...like the second thought.

It's the carrot on the stick and the watch when you're 40.

Jimmy: I think when bands get hooked up with a major, it's not all bad. There's (some) good that they have to offer: Money, distribution, you can make a great record. But there's a lot of other things to be wary of. Buyer beware.
John: I never, before this band, did anything to try and get a record deal because the music I played was not viable. I never took it seriously, I did it because I enjoyed it. Then **Hoarse** had the chance to go on the road with **Paw**, and that's what led me to joining that band. So I went out there and it wasn't real to me. Being in a major label band, I had no clue as to what that was about. I guess I wanted to be a rock star when I joined that band, but it had nothing to do with that at all. None of what I expected...
Jimmy: It's like..."Is this really what it's about?"
John: I didn't tour with **Paw**. I played, like, six shows with them, all locally around Kansas City and Lawrence, because all we were doing was rehearsing for the second album. So none of that "rock star" ever hit me. I didn't get to do a video, didn't get to tour Europe, didn't make any money. But when I came back, I had no intention of doing anything with this band but having fun again. And with **Jimmy** in the band, it was like a breath of fresh air. We would rehearse every night until, like, 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning, and all of a sudden it was fun again. Then people started to take notice of the band, before then we never thought of signing to a major.

Have you been approached by a major label?

Jimmy: We talked to a couple. What's interesting, is (that) if they wait long enough, they (will) eventually all hate us...
John: We're assholes.
Jimmy: The song and dance is just very hard. It's gotta make sense, it's gotta hold water. What's it gonna mean? Why would we get caught up in a situation that might be similar to what we were in before? It's like, "No man! We're doing our own thing."
Robbie: We're always gonna do the same thing regardless.
Jimmy: If it means us putting out our stuff on our own, a 7-inch here or an EP there, that's what's going to happen. I think we're on the right track.
John: The major label music industry is based upon dishonesty and bullshit, because everyone will tell you exactly what you want to hear, but five seconds later, they'll stab you in the fucking back.
Jimmy: Exactly.
John: That's why when kids come up and say, "Hey, when are you guys gonna put an album out? When are you gonna sign a major label deal?" Dude, we don't know any better than you do because, unfortunately, we're honest. Those (major label) people will shine you on until the cows come home.

I haven't seen a band in a long time that looks like they're having as much fun up there as you guys. You obviously love it and it shows in the music. I think it really infects the crowd.

Jimmy: I think so, too. I think it permeates into the crowd and they feed off that.
John: One show where I hated being on stage was at **The Ritz**. It wasn't the club, it was just a bad situation.
Jimmy: How about **Brownie's** on a Tuesday? How about the first show with **Wool**. Not because of the club, because of health reasons. We did like a week's worth of dates in Florida with **Wool**. The first show, we're hanging out in the hot sun all day, getting loaded, and that's like the worst thing to do. So we get to the club and the sun poisoning started kicking in. We were like almost throwing up. It was really bad.
Robbie: I was sick going all the way down there.

So you would be into releasing a full-length on a major independent label?

John: As long as they would get it out and we would be able to viably tour off it. As long as we can try to support ourselves. But we're not going to do...I'm sorry to sound like such a prick, but **Ryan Harbage** did a really bad job (with the "Diamond" single). The 7-inch is getting great airplay where ever it's on the radio station, but it's not in the fucking stores. He doesn't have the money. Some people start out an independent label and it blossoms, because they have an ear for good bands and they know how to run a business, whether they have $2.00 or $2,000. 00. **Corey Rusk** at **Touch & Go**, for example, (you) start small then you get bigger. Unfortunately, **Ryan** doesn't have a knack for it.
Jimmy: The thing is, it should be out there more and it really isn't.

How many copies were pressed?

John: 2,000. 500 on white vinyl.

There is a Detroit band that, a few years ago when they were getting started, espoused a philosophy that went something like, forget local, to hell with national, we're thinking international.

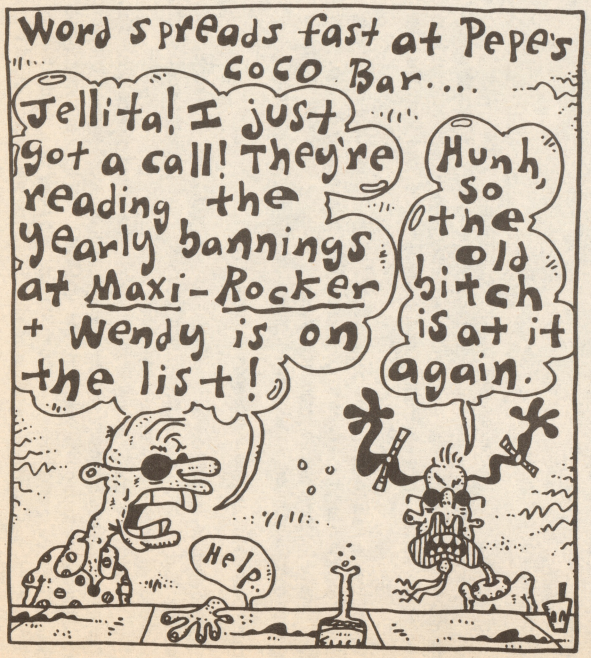
Jimmy: Time out. You know what bothers me about that? You can think that everyone wants to break out of the local scene and that's great, but remember you always gotta come home. The day we got back from a 3 week tour, we were dead tired, but the first thing we did was to go right up to the **Impound** because **Big Block** was playing and we got totally loaded. You gotta come home, ya' know?

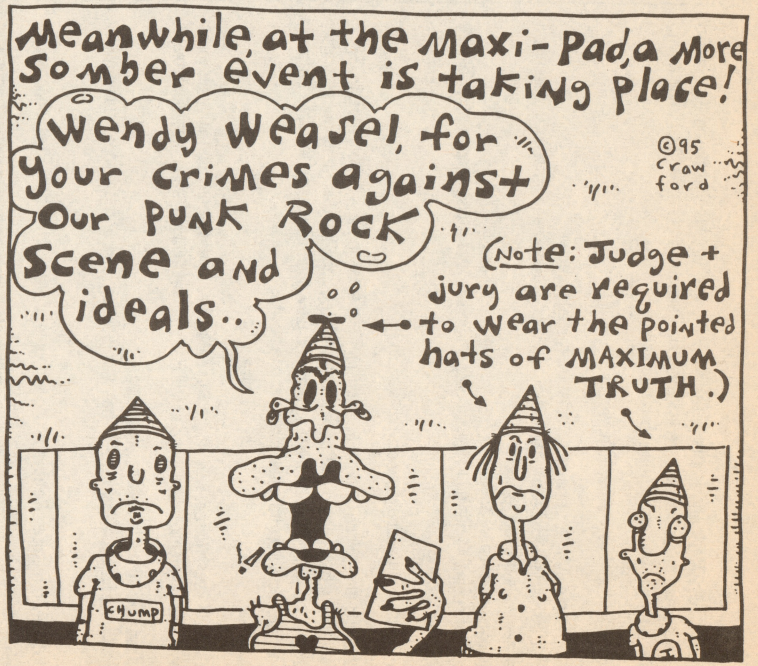
Banned From the Scene!

You got to be able to crack the whip if you want to rule the fools, and Tina is just the one to do it! There comes a time when you have to exert a little authority against those who might challenge the sanctity of your reign. Feel the lash, Punks, it's time for another

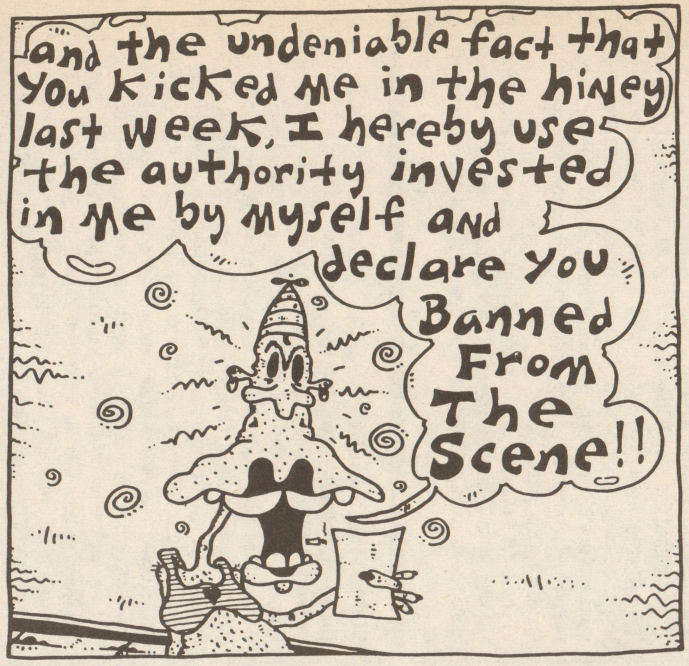
Queen of the Scene!

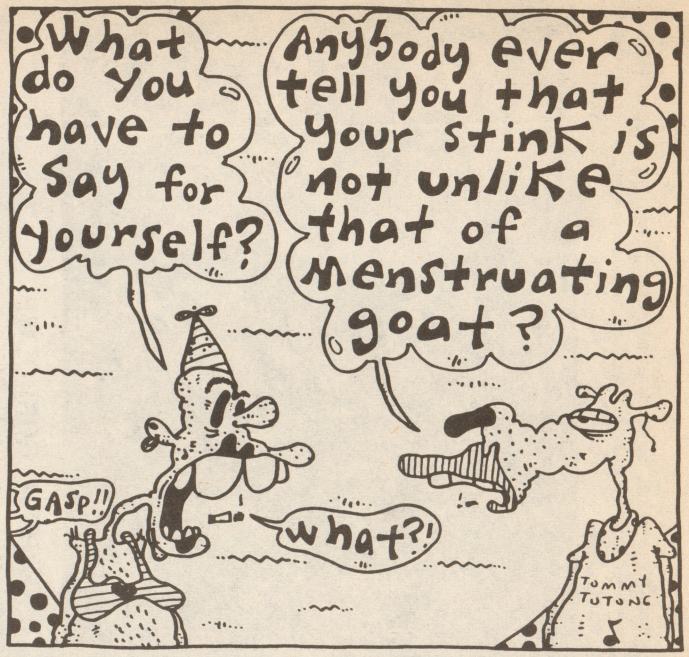
with:



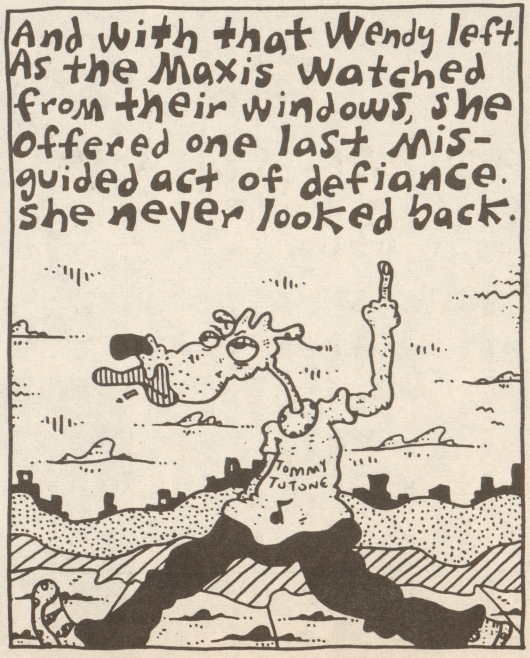


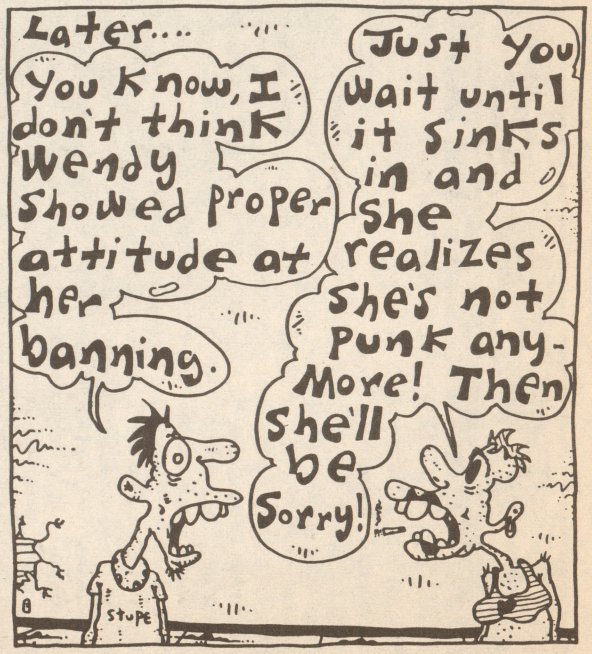
..your indifference to the label codes, your lack of respect for the employees of our all punk aerobics club, the Pepi-center..
TOMMY TUTONE


and the undeniable fact that you kicked me in the hiney last week, I hereby use the authority invested in me by myself and declare you Banned From The Scene!!


What do you have to say for yourself?
Anybody ever tell you that your stink is not unlike that of a menstruating goat?
GASP!!
what?!
TOMMY TUTONE

Go! Leave the MAXI-Pad and Never Return!
CHUMP


And with that Wendy left. As the Maxis watched from their windows, she offered one last Misguided act of defiance. She never looked back.
TOMMY TUTONE


Later....
You know, I don't think Wendy showed proper attitude at her banning.
Just you wait until it sinks in and she realizes she's not punk anymore! Then she'll be sorry!
STUPE

LIVES

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT EVE'S PLUM BIG STICK

st. andrew's hall detroit 11/21/95

I didn't make it on time to catch **Big Stick**, but from what I hear it was no big loss. **Eve's Plum** were beginning their set when I arrived. **Eve's Plum** have a good but indistinguishable sound, and that also goes for their stage presence. **Colleen Fitzpatrick**, the lead singer, did her best to pump some energy on stage, but the rest of her bandmates were awkward, geeky characters that would have looked more at ease in a classroom or behind the counter at a 7-11, than on stage. So, despite her adorable efforts to dance, twirl, whisper and shout her lyrics, it was nothing doing.

With the crowd and stage covered in that cool pumped-out smoke, **My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult** appeared out of nowhere. The stage was a scene out of a futuristic noir, sex-flick with the hood of a car prominently displayed and high risers on each side of the stage for the band. **MLWTTKK** traded in their pentagram for a disco ball a few years ago, and their current cast reflects that change. A few of the interesting members included the gorgeous blond bombshell vocalist, **Carmen**, prancing around the stage and making various suggestive gestures to the crowd, **Charles Levi**, the towering black bass player; **Buzz**, the cool lead-singer, with long hair and cowboy hat; and **Cinderella Pussy**, the "**Tina Turner/RuPaul**" vocalist who belted out background vocals and sang a couple of the funkier numbers. And, I almost left out, **Beat Mistress**, the Oriental female drummer that plays standing up.

MLWTTKK played the majority of their music from their latest releases, which I honestly don't care for, but their live representation brought a whole new perspective to the music. A crazy collision of a B-movie with a disco-industrial soundtrack, **MLWTTKK** really did thrill the audience with a long set of tunes that moved the crowd into a frenzy. There was a sense of abandon and wildness in the air. Often during the show I expected the unexpected to happen. Some reaction from the audience was sum to the steamy equation on stage. The young audience shied away from presenting that spectacle but didn't refrain from cheering and bringing the band back on stage for two encores. Near the end of the show, **MLWTTKK** surprised the crowd by playing a very intense version of "A Daisy Chain for Satan." Then, ended the show with a blazing version of "Cuz It's Hot," and it definitely was. **Mike Pfeiffer**.

Six Finger Satellite Thornetta Davis

SIX FINGER SATELLITE THORNETTA DAVIS

the shelter detroit 12/14/95

Forget about the clichéd childish angst of **Sinead** and **Courtney** -- this is a woman who has lived the blues. With help from (former) labelmates, **Big Chief**, **Thornetta Davis** whipped herself into a frenzy of love gone bad, lazy Sunday afternoons, and men on the run. A surprisingly short, yet energetic set begging chants of, "You go girl!" **Thornetta Davis** is a Detroit original, soon to be national. Catch her while you can.

Lewis, Gilbert and the rest of the Tri Lambda's are at it again. This time without the impending threat of sabotage by Ogre and the Alpha Beta's. Picture **Devo**-meets-**Nine Inch Nails**, only more awkward and not as cuddly. Yet, what **Six Finger Satellite** lacked in image, attitude, ego, etc.; they more than made up for with musicianship - not to mention the unity of a band that can spit on each other and enjoy it. Moogs aplenty for the **6FS** crew that thoroughly entertained/frightened the crowd at the **Shelter** with machine-like precision and elevated the term "noise" to a harmonious superlative. **R. Alexander**.

JUNE OF '44

JUNE OF '44 GONDOLIER

magic stick detroit 1/4/96

When I learned that **Gondolier** was from Ann Arbor I groaned to myself, "Not another happy-go-lucky, warm, fuzzy, bubblegum pop, turd from the anus of high tuition and head shops." Surprisingly (and thankfully) I was proven wrong. **Helmet**-inspired melodies matched with a **Kyuss** friendly bottom end, and lyrics sparse enough to be labeled haiku. **Gondolier** swooned with the dissonant charm of **Iceburn** and restored my faith in the Ann Arbor music community.

June Of '44 performed in a drowsy trance of erratic, **Alice Donut**-like prose, teetering on the verge of narcolepsy. They effortlessly mystified and perplexed the crowd at the **Magic Stick**, and seem to have spawned a loyal following with their unique brand of stridency. **R. Alexander**.

SOMETIMES SWEET SUSAN

the intersection grand rapids 1/20/96

Futurist recording artists, **Sometimes Sweet Susan**, are a "good" band. If you happen to catch them at a local pub, you will definitely be treated to music that is a cut above the average indie touring act. Bassist, **Damian Strigens**, and drummer, **Dan Hanke**, provide a tight, simple, and solid outline for guitar player/vocalist, **Jim Warhol**, to paint full of densely layered chordal color. From hard drivin' to drivin' in your car, this Milwaukee trio creates cyclical rhythms and quirky melodies that whisper early **Dinosaur Jr.** or late **fIREHOSE.** I wouldn't be at all surprised to find this in your local college radio "buzz-bin." I was impressed and happy to review someone who actually cared about the music they were performing, unfortunately, **Sometimes Sweet Susan** could use a little work on their stage persona. For the most part, these guys are shoe-starers. Occasionally, someone would break into a surge forward or a rock back, but the "show" left a little something to be desired. Now before you go out and demand your money back (as if you paid any), consider the classic Grand Rapids booking blunder. Too often, Grand Rapids' live venues will make the mistake of booking the potential headliner/touring act as an opener for bands with less talent and a bigger draw. Now put yourself in the band's shoes (and try not to stare too hard). You've been on the road for a week, eating nothing but Spaghettios and Ramen, and you have to perform for an unenthusiastic crowd of fifty or less for probably 10% of the three dollar cover charge. Not much to be excited about is there? I believe **Sometimes Sweet Susan** could give a good show if the conditions were right. They seemed like they wanted to bring the house down, but were inhibited by the lack of audience participation. I am sorry I didn't see them on their best night, and am even sorrier that this sort of thing is common place in Grand Rapids. Perhaps next time, with a little feed back, **Sometimes Sweet Susan** will be able to give us their best. If you'd like to see them try, please contact them at PO Box 11271 Milwaukee, WI 53211 **Eric Sikkema**.

LIMINAL GRAVITAR UNIVERSAL INDIANS 7000 DYING RATS

old miami detroit 1/27/96

I believe that **John Cage** once said something to the effect that any noise is music. Although "music" is ultimately in the ear of the beholder, the collection of bands presented

NICODEMUS cops a dag with his favorite mag

here spanned the range of the spectrum from ambient to pink noise to hardcore to funk to metal to rock to...to...to...what? Go ahead and try to define originality in this **MTV** generation of dolts we have to deal with. Sometimes you just have to throw up yer hands, shake yer head violently and run down the street naked and embarrassed in disgust and yell "WHERE WILL IT ALL END?" over and over and over and....oh, sorry...I like and appreciate bands that can break barriers and carry a message to uncharted extremes. Each of the bands in this collage took a different direction but meshed well with each other. The highlight of the night was a surprise appearance by the legendary **Nicodemus** with **Gravitar**. I hear he hasn't performed live for at least ten years. What a treat and what a night. If hope is all we have at least some are taking action to make a better musical tomorrow. **Harry K. Hairy**.

JOHNNY SOCKO
rick's cafe east lansing 1/31/96

Well, these wacky funsters hit E.L. for the second time in three months an' yers truly was there. For those of you who have yet to see these gents, you're missin' out on scads o' fun-fun-fun. **Johnny Socko** are a mix of ska, funk and comedy. On this evening, they were in fine form playing two sets - circa an hour each - winning over the sparse crowd with their engaging brand of entertainment. Many highlights, including a remarkable version of **Kiss's** "Detroit Rock City," and an unbelievably cool cover of a **James Brown** song (I can't remember which one), with the singer aping **Michael MacDonald**. The best part was how incredibly tight these guys were - horns - guitars - rhythm section; the entire package is a fully functioning musical machine. You've got to see this band. Two thumbs up! **Norman Zebrowski**.

JOHNNY SOCKO

GUILT DESPAIR LINDEN
grounds coffee house detroit 2/3/96

First up was local newcomers **Linden**, featuring members of **Posthole**, ex-**Walden**, and ex-**Fancies**. Although I missed almost all of their set, the general consensus was thumbs up. Next came the latest **Initial Records** guinea pig **Despair**. These gents played old school, chantable hardcore, peppered with some serious **Slayer**-style riffing. **Despair** brought back that pep-talk between songs mentality unheard at **Grounds** since the late **Falling Forward** graced the stage. If you've heard **Earth Crisis** or **Chokehold** -- better yet, been to an **Earth Crisis** or **Chokehold** show (save the "X'd-up" hands and hooded sweatshirt jackets) -- then you can relate to **Despair's Biohazard**-meets-**Anthrax** mosh pit revue. Somewhere between 10 and 10:30, **Guilt** mysteriously crept onto the stage almost unnoticed. I think the 150 or so that had assembled at **Grounds** were expecting the traditional 15 minutes of tuning up and annoying sound check -- not so for the **Guilt** crew. **Ashli** slowly thumped out the groove, "Do Dum Da Do Dum." Meanwhile, **Kyle** and **Duncan** set up two large conga drums and strapped on their guitars. A nod came from **Jon**, then catching everyone off guard, "Boom Boom Ba Boom Boom - Klack Klack Ka Klack." A symphonic frenzy of percussion, sticks splintered like trees struck by lightening. The pulse of the rhythm grew faster and increasingly elaborate -- now faster still. **Kyle** and **Duncan** threw down their shards of broken sticks, "GRONG," the guitars came in and they scorched through "Phi" with fury and finesse. I felt like I was hit by a truck, but before I could catch my breath -- Bam! -- right into "Gamma." 30 minutes later it was all over. Starring in disbelief, like victims of mail fraud, the crowd asked, "Is that it?" And as **Guilt** began to pack up, the chants began, "Play one more...Play one more." After a short group huddle, "Rust" was played with an intensity that was intended to satisfy the hungry crowd. **Guilt** played an incredibly powerful show, mixing the best of heavy metal with the best of emotional hardcore, leaving the crowd speechless and exhausted. **R. Alexander**.

MILKHOUSE
rick's cafe east lansing 2/5/96

Jeez-o-petes! This was the first time I'd seen a band do three sets in one night since I stayed at a **HoJo** in Alpena! Okie-doke, the first set was pretty much all covers, played acoustically, and generally pretty pleasant. Sets two and three were souped-up (electric that is) alterna-pop. The three guits sounded all right, and overall, the band was on the mark, but I don't know -- not really my area of expertise. The college kids at **Rick's** were somewhat aroused, but seemed more interested in scarfin' down hooch, then watching the band. Yep, that was a crowd of *real music lovers*. I've got to give **Milkhouse** credit for having a very persistent manager (**Diane**), who worked her rear end off before, during, and after the show. All-in-all, **Milkhouse** are very good at what they do, but I'm not a fan of it. If you like your music safe, you'll love **Milkhouse**. **n. bates**.

VULTURE ISLAND
the otherwise gallery lansing 2/9/96

High school alternateens play ***Snuffer***-era **Live Skull**. A few catchy hooks and some interesting musicianship keeps one's interest. However, no one enjoys being the only person at a show who is old enough to drink. Luckily, a couple wayward **ETCH** staffers managed to make it for the last few songs and made me feel like a cub again. **Pants Mulligan**.

NAPALM DEATH SHEER TERROR EXPLODING ZOMBIES
harpo's detroit 2/10/96

Wasn't really sure if I wanted to go to **Harpo's** considering the incredibly bad vibes that hang over that place following the murder of **Feisty Cadaver's** vocalist, **Steve Krass**, in January. I hope they find the fuckers that did it and bury 'em (here-here, ed.). That said, the decision was made, based mostly on the fact that I'd never gotten the chance to see the legendary **Napalm Death**, now with no original members I'm told. Yuk-Yuk!!!

The **Exploding Zombies** were already kickin' it when **Mazzola** and I strolled into **Harpo's**, I had heard that they have an interesting stage show. The only thing I saw was a guy with a hood over his head kneeling stage left. I also noticed that there was a bunch of Nazi skinheads up front, "Seig Heil-ing" like the lock-step twits they are. Most dismayed to see the **Exploding Zombies** totally egg the skins on, by dedicating songs to them and fawning over them. If you fellas stand in agreement with these assholes, then fuck you. Plain and simple. If you don't, then you oughta say so. I leave the ball in your court, **Zombies** (again I agree with you completely **Mr. Wood**, ed.).

Mazzola said that East Coasters, **Sheer Terror**, is the tits, and he wasn't fooling. They were the highlight of the evening; totally entertaining, pummeling, grudge rock. The singer was great, he had a very casual demeanor, reminding me of our own **Norman Bates**. They baked the crowd to the floor, leaving me gulp suds with reckless abandon.

Finally, UK moshers, **Napalm Death**, burst on stage, the singer wearing a silly little pair of gym shorts, and they started to tear it up. But the skinheads started with their shit again, and after a couple of songs, **Napalm Death** got pissed and walked off. I thought to myself, "Cool, I don't blame them." A couple of fights broke out, as people started to get a little tense, standing there in the dark, wondering if **Napalm Death** would come back on. They finally did, which I thought was kinda weak. I mean if you're gonna make a statement as important as not putting up with these bigoted, redneck, bald-headed ignorant shitheads, then for Christ's sake, stick to your guns. But **Mazzola** said they probably didn't want something bad to happen between the crowd and **Harpo's** staff, and it was a point well taken. Still, it's gonna be awhile before I go to **Harpo's** again. I'm sick and tired of the wrong type of people spoiling it for the rest of us, and I contend that the **Harpo's** staff bears a little responsibility here for tolerating this nonsense.
D. Wood.

FACE VALUE BY THE GRACE OF GOD WALLSIDE
the sugar shack ypsilanti 2/11/96

Amidst the scenic backdrop of Ypsi's finest trailer parks, **Wallside** kicked off the evening with their trademark brand of gritty, energetic, angry punk. The peppy half-hour set concluded with a rousing rendition of **Gorilla Biscuit's** "New Direction," with **Jay** from **By The Grace Of God** on guest vocals.

By The Grace Of God was slotted next, their line-up reads like a "who's-who" of hardcore: **Rob Pennigton** (ex-**Endpoint**) vocals, **Duncan Barlow** (**Guilt**, ex-**Endpoint**) guitar, **Jay Palumbo** (**Elliott**, ex-**Empathy**) guitar, **Jonathan Mobley** (**Elliott**, ex-**Falling Forward**) bass, and **Tommy** from **Enkindel** on drums. **B.T.G.O.G.** are a throwback to the early days of the straight-edge movement: hands with big black "X's," Vans sneakers, and hour-long monologues about believing in yourself, and unity of "the scene" between songs. They were tight, punchy and sounded like the old **Endpoint** crossed with **Guilt** and **Enkindel** surprisingly enough. **B.T.G.O.G.** are excellent musicians playing grassroots hardcore the way it was intended to be played.

Cleveland's **Face Value** performed a rockin' blend of **Rancid** and **Biohazard**. Every song had basically two parts: a sing-a-long, hooky, I-can't-get-this-damn-song-out-of-my-head chorus; and a crushing, metallic groove part where everybody bounces up and down. **Face Value** was fun, dynamic and just plain entertaining -- hell, I tip my hat to any punk band with enough guts to play guitar solos. **R. Alexander**.

MOLTOV THE FAGS THE STITCHES
the otherwise gallery lansing 2/23/96

Ann Arbor/Detroit area punks invaded the North Town district of the Capital City, and believe-you-me, they were punk with a capital "P." The first up, **The Stitches**, played sloppy, noisy, frenetic tunes that were refreshing to hear. Totally unpretentious -- very cool -- a band to keep an eye out for. **The Fags** bopped up and played **Crass/Rudimentary Peni/Conflict** style punk, with lots of piss-n-vinegar but sparse musicianship. **The Fags** embody all that punk was originally about: kids pickin' up instruments and venting, despite their lack of experience or talent. It was like 1982 all over again. **Moltov** ended the evening with their modern (read "90's") hardcore. Tight-fast-brutal. I think they'd be a band that fellow **ETCH** writer **R. Alexander** would dig. Heck, the honorable **Mr. D. Wood** was a toe-tappin', so you know they could swing. All three bands are very young, which means given time, they should blossom into something special. **Norman Zebrowski**.

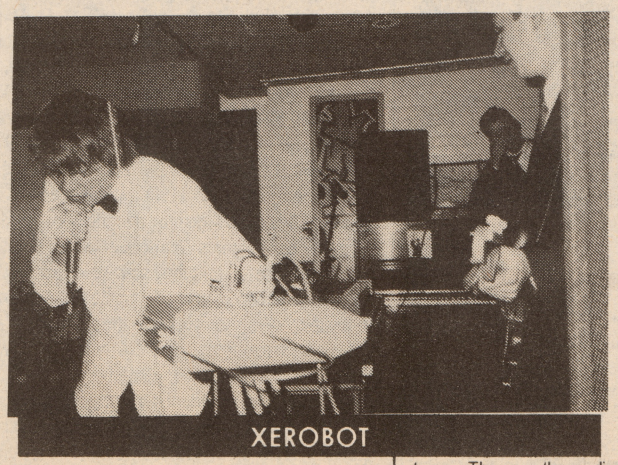
MILKHOUSE
la hacienda grand rapids 2/23/96

Grand Rapids' **Milkhouse** are beer-rock at its best. Tight two and three part harmonies over three and four chord anthemic arrangements equals the kind of clichéd sound that your younger brother is bound to love. The overall presentation of the band would leave the average intoxicated audience member to believe that their music contains real integrity and emotion. Unfortunately, the average sober audience member might see a little too much hair flicking and rock posturing to buy it. Kudos to the rhythm section for cutting the floppy mop garbage to a minimum and for keeping the tired classic rock arrangements flowing. I'm sorry, but after giving these guys three different opportunities to prove me wrong, I just couldn't find much else of value. **Eric Sikkema**.

BRAINIAC XEROBOT THE PTERODACTYLS NAUTICAL ALMANAC
the halfway inn ann arbor 2/24/96

1. **Nautical Almanac** - Wacky noise outfit. Most of their instruments looked to be home-made. "Noise for noise sake" bands usually give me a headache if the musicians are sub-par and **Nautical Almanac**, unfortunately, fall into that category. Their hearts / minds are in the right place, but their talents aren't there yet.

2. **The Pterodactyls** - Every once-in-a-while, a band will come out of nowhere, with a new angle or wrinkle of an old theme that comes across as fresh, etc. and the kids lap it up like mother's milk. **The Pterodactyls** are one of those bands. We're talkin' tongue-in-cheek, led by the masked marvel **Pterodactylman**. Their music is a 50/50 split between late 70's NY punk and **Judas Priest**-style metal. I can't say that I was impressed with the tunes, but the band, and **Pterodactylman**, were very entertaining, which is about all you can ask of any band these days.


XEROBOT

3. **Xerobot** - Quirky noise-pop from Madison, Wisconsin. Musically a cross between **Devo** and **Sonic Youth**, led by a singer who paces around like a lunatic. His lyrics - those that you could decipher - were very intelligent, but his shrieks made them all but unintelligible. Odd and original.

4. **Brainiac** - One of the best live bands around (anywhere) and this show proved to be no exception. They, too, play quirky pop music but seem to be in a class by themselves: On this night they had it going on all cylinders. A new (used) synth added to the musical mayhem. The band, as a whole, was as tight as any I've seen in recent memory, and the new songs were drop dead, razor sharp monsters. **Brainiac** has the potential to become the number one band in the **Touch & Go** stable, and it wouldn't surprise me if they explode nationally. They're that good. If you get the opportunity to see 'em live, by all means check 'em out - you'll be impressed. The only negative was the mic kept cutting out during the first two songs before finally going out completely during their stellar pop song, "Go Freaks Go." **Norman Zebrowski**.

GIMME SHELTER 3
st. andrew's hall detroit 3/3/96

Gimme Shelter is an annual benefit, started by **Paula Messner**, who is also the guitarist / vocalist for the **Motor Dolls**. Unlike many bands who get asked to help out a cause, **Paula** was the person who wanted to help. She researched many local charities and shelters, trying to decide who needed the money the most. In the end, she picked **My Sister's Place**, a domestic violence shelter. What started out as a way to fund a small group trying to help abused women became more important when the original location of **My Sister's Place** burned to the ground.

The other thing that makes **Gimme Shelter** unusual, is all the bands are all-female outfits. For you more observant folks in the audience, they did make an exception this year with **Mildred Pierce**, allowing their male drummer to take the stage.

Unfortunately, like last year's show, **Gimme Shelter 3** was plagued by bad weather. Last year's blinding snow storm was replaced by this year's ice storm. An easy 15 minute ride took over an hour. The show started an hour later, as everyone showed up late: audience, staff and bands. The ice storm also held attendance down. I was able to get a front row seat with lots of elbow room, but considering the cause, I wouldn't have minded a crowd. Some wondered why they don't do this in the summer, but winter is the slow season for concerts, therefore the only time a venue is offered up for free.

The show opened with folk singer **Mary McGuire**. You might know her from **Cosmic Dali**. Lots of songs about breaking up and love lost. One song read, "Tired of waiting for my time to come" while another, "Tired of wasting all my time on you." Obviously a woman tired of the crap men give her. She dedicated a song about class disparity - the homeless plight while the rich live high - **Governor John Engler**. My favorite song was a delightful cover of **David Byrne's** "Home."

Lizard is a hard rock group. The guitarist looked and played like Lady **Black Sabbath**. The singer was a tall, thin African-American woman that had a great voice. She dressed in a shockingly bright red vinyl skirt and pink sneakers. Both had cool looking guitars. The drummer smashed the kit so hard, I was surprised she didn't break something. I liked their song "Yellow Teddy Bear" and "I Hate." "I hate, I hate..." everything basically.

Whiptail is a punk group from Ypsilanti. They were the comediennes of the night, great sense of humor and pleased to be playing on stage. Riot Grrl with a sense of humor? I liked the brunette singer's attitude, joking around, doing the twist and smoking during most of her set. Her best song was an anti-fashion, anti-**Kate Moss** ditty. The band members would change instruments and switch off on vocal duties. I saw the blonde singer and thought, "So this is what **Jan Brady** is up to these days." Her best song was "Bad Hair Day" which is funny with her **Cousin It**-all-over-the-place hair. The red-haired bass player looked like **Exene** and had the most forceful voice of the group. I've seen her at nearly every concert I go to. She's either into the same kind of music as I, or just goes to a lot of shows. They played a **Suzi Quatro** cover and a **Husker Du** cover. Entertaining and versatile.

Next up was probably the best known band of the night. The **Motor Dolls** are the tightest, most professional group in town. The way the audience rushed the stage after hanging back all night, I'd say they were the reason most of them were there. **Paula** plays one mean guitar, a gorgeous white Gibson which shook all about. She was whipping her hair about, which is red now, and she wasn't wearing her ever-present sunglasses either. To the right was **Dana** with

her trademark powder blue bass. She wore that friendly little devil himself, **Red Hot**, on her T-shirt. They played all of my favorites, "Hard Enough," "W.A.C.O." and "Power." I loved the way **Paula** spit the words out in "Cock Of Nothing." They also played a **Kiss** cover, "Strutter," which was hilarious. **Dana** later told me that some reviewer had accused the **Motor Dolls** of being a "cheese band" and this was their response.

Mildred Pierce are from Toronto. **Mildred Pierce** is a **Joan Crawford** movie. Their music reminded me of vintage punk bands circa 1978 with female vocalists: **The Avengers**, **Vice Squad**. Vocalist **Eileen Basile** has black hair with purple bangs and a deep voice. Bassist **Michelle Silva** was dressed in a satin purple top and purple vinyl bell-bottoms with sparkles embedded. It was, oh, so disco. Her bass has the perfect bass sound that I prefer, like hollow thudding metal. Her sister, guitarist **Cheryl Silve**, played a red Birdland almost as big as she. Their covers included **Kim Wilde's** "Kids In America" and **Maxine Nightengale's** "Get Right Back."

We were told that every cent went to **My Sister's Place**, as everything from the venue, printing, advertising and equipment were donated. The proceeds were even more important because the fire at the shelter left 35 battered women scrambling for a place to stay. Fortunately, an area hotel provided temporary rooms for the twice-displaced people. Unfortunately, the lease is nearly over and a new permanent location is needed. It is the **Motor Dolls** hope that **Gimme Shelter** and individual donations can help make that a reality.

Donations can be sent to: **My Sister's Place** PO Box 13500 Detroit, MI 48213 (313)-371-3900

THE CHINESE MILLIONAIRES SEA SAW

small planet east lansing 3/7/96

First up were **Simple Machines'** recording artists **Sea Saw**, a three-piece made up of a guit. player, drummer and keyboard player (who sat "Indian style" on the stage playing what sounded like a toy). **Sea Saw** gave us 25 minutes of indie-pop pabulum. Absolutely nothing about their performance was memorable, except for the fact that the aforementioned keyboard player could only be heard when both the guitar and drums ceased. In short, they were monotonous and mediocre.

THE CHINESE MILLIONAIRES

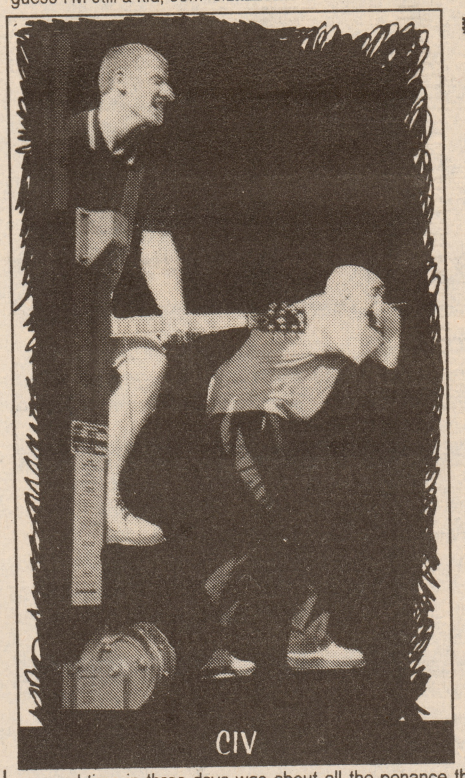
The Chinese Millionaires followed, and they must have been put into a stupor by **Sea Saw** (and who could blame them?), because they played a sloppy set of their brand o' snot rock. Sloppy or not, these gents can whip it out with the best of them, with their barrage of high intensity aggro. The **Millionaires** are starting to get a lot of hype and it's easy to see why -- 'cause whatever it is they're doin' -- they're pullin' all the right levers. Again, tonight's performance was a tad on the messy side, but you could hear that these gentlemen can swing, and when they're tight, they're a virtual punk rock machine. This is a band you must see if old school p-rock (circa 70's NYC style) tickles your fancy. **Norman Zebrowski.**

CIV ALLIGATOR GUN BRUTAL JUICE

st. andrew's hall detroit 3/8/96

Brutal Juice actually played first because **Alligator Gun** was late, but we missed **Alligator Gun** anyway due to the interview we did with **Brutal Juice** (which should be in the next issue). So anyway, **Brutal Juice** just RULES! And you should go out and buy their CD as soon as you attain the funds. I guess their set was shortened by some kinda mess down at the "**Hall**," but they were able to hit most of my favorites, including "Kathy Rigby," and everybody's favorite, "The Vaginals." They were also able to cover a few new tunes that I took as great promise for the future. This band rules and rules and rules! I give you no choice, you must and will go check these guys out at the next available opportunity. The music is great, and they have one of the most enigmatic vocalists possible. Unfortunately, this seemed to be a down night, and he spent nearly the whole set smashing apples on his head, throwing the pieces in the air, and, with quite calculated precision, catching the pieces in his mouth. But do watch for that little dance. It gets me every time.

After the interview, we descended back into the hall-part of the **Hall** to catch tireless hardcore-boy, **Civ**. Nice show. **CIV** is a bit limited with material, due to the fact that there is only the one record to work from, and all the songs are pretty much two minutes long. They did close with the **Gorilla Biscuits'** oldie, "Sitting Around At Home." The kids seemed to enjoy it a whole bunch, and I guess I pretty much did too. Well, hell, I guess I'M still a kid, so... **Mazzola**.



CIV

VERSUS SEA SAW IGLOO

the magic stick detroit 3/9/96

Igloo kicked things off with an above average set of home-grown indie-pop, swappin' vox betwixt the male guitar picker and the female bass spanker. These youngsters, who've got a single out on **Trout Records**, can write catchy hooks, and, as a unit, are very tight. The contrasting vox made things interesting. This was the first time I'd ever seen 'em, so I'll defer judgment until a later date, but on this night I gave 'em a thumb's up.

Sea Saw. Lent is a period of 40 days, from Ash Wednesday until Easter Sunday, when Roman Catholics are supposed to fast, reflect and do penance for the previous year's sins. Thank God for **Sea Saw**, because seeing them for the second time in three days was about all the penance this sinner could handle. See the earlier review above an' you'll get the picture. I will say that they, if nothing else, are consistent because yet again they blew.

Versus finished. Usually, when a band is as hyped as much as **Versus**, I figure it's because some self-important East Coast dipstick writing for some glossy one syllable music publication says so, and the music buying public, or at least so-called hipsters/scenesters believe the hoo-haw and eat up the hype like manna from heaven. So, after hearin' mucho blah-blah-blah about how great **Versus** were, and barely containing my urge to vamoose, I was flustered, flabbergasted and floored at how very good **Versus** are. Imagine **Mission Of Burma** as a pop band, with m/f vox, super catchy hook-filled tunes and excellent musicianship. They kept this gimp spell-bound for their entire set - long enough, in fact, that my "Blue" reached room temperature (not an easy task). Their music is so catchy, that it was the soundtrack to my dreams for days afterwards. **Versus** were so appealing, that I was compelled to buy not one, but two of their CD's (a very rare event, indeed). Anyway, boys-n-girls, believe the hype **Versus** rule! **Norman Zebrowski**.

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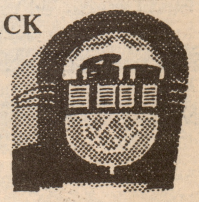


ETCH SKETCH:

BOY'S LIFE

Kansas City, Missouri's **BOY'S LIFE** have been around for 3 1/2 years, although their first drummer was in the band only two years. Lead singer **Brandon** is originally from Florida. Their current drummer joined them on their LP, 10-inch and 7-inch with **GIANTS**.

The band returned recently from a six month tour and plan to take the next six months off to write new material. Their favorite cities on that tour were Little Rock, Arkansas; San Francisco and San Diego, California; Green Bay, Wisconsin; and Chicago, Illinois. This was the band's fifth tour, but this was the first tour that they've used a booking agent. They've played club dates, but prefer all ages shows. "All ages (shows) are better," noted **Brandon**.

The band felt that the Midwest was more receptive than other parts of the country. The kids weren't jaded or burned out on the music. People weren't worried about being "hip." "Some bands act like it's a fashion show." In Michigan the band played in Detroit at the now-closed **Falcon** and in Kalamazoo at the **Comet Cafe** (with **TILT**). **BOY'S LIFE's** West Coast shows went well, said **Brandon**, but they didn't like the long drives that come with touring the East Coast. One of their worst shows was at the **Under Acme** in New York. Some of the people there were "jerks," who told the band that they were "too loud." On top of everything else, their van caught fire on their way home. They were able to get three-quarters of their equipment out in time to be saved, but $1200 from the tour went up in smoke. They were offered a slot opening for **JAWBREAKER** this past February, but couldn't because of more van problems.

As far as influences go, the band cites: **JAWBREAKER**, **DRIVE LIKE JEHU**, **SLINT**, **ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT** and other "dynamic" bands.

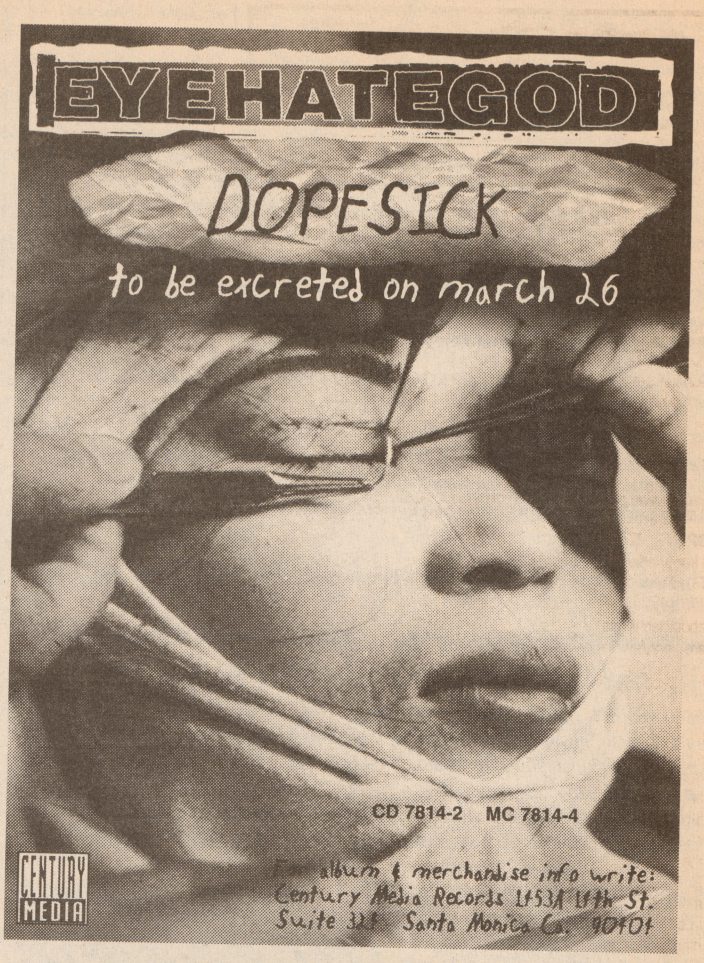
As far as their label, **Crank** (CA), they love it, and say **Jeff** (label big-wig) is "great."

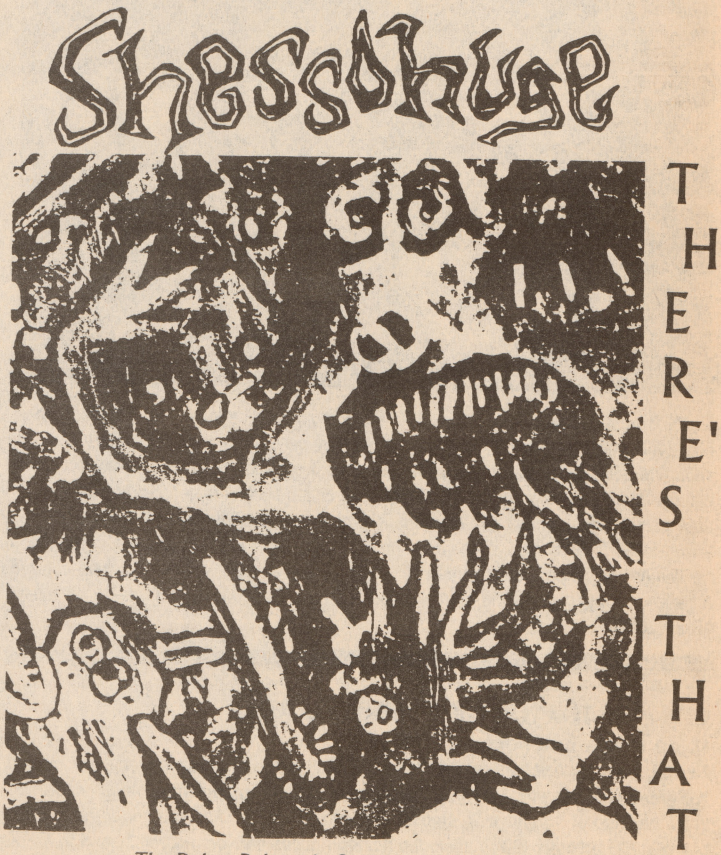
Finally, when asked about the scene in Kansas City, **Brandon** told **ETCH** that there aren't many all ages shows. If there are, they are usually held in someone's basement or at a coffee house (kind of like East Lansing, ed.). On the up-side, Kansas City is a very cheap place to live and very laid back.

Keep an eye for a new **BOY'S LIFE** LP and tour later this year.

You can write **BOY'S LIFE** at:

BOY'S LIFE
c/o **Joe**
615 North Main





HEAR

ACID KING Zoroaster CD
Heavy fuckin', speaker-cloggin', low-end metal sludge. The slow buzz, Satanic, dead brain cell jams put pussies like Soundgarden to shame. Pretty simple stuff, but has the weight of a couple of Iommi's and a dozen Monster Magnets to keep you wasted for days. Femme growl, wasted Joan Jett-like vox and an obsession with acid casualty, Satan-worshipping murderer, Ricky Kasso, will help you carve that pentagram into your palm a little easier. (Sympathy For The Record Industry) - bryan ramirez

JOEY ALTRUDA Cocktails with Joey CD
Tunes from the Cocktail Music Renaissance. This stuff is very Latin, with a good deal of "cha-cha" and mambo influence. But it's all a little bit stiff and over-produced, and all the arrangements feel mathematical and contrived. The cover of Jackie Gleason's "Melancholy Serenade" is unrecognizable as the signature of the "Great One." Overall, not bad but there's far better to be had. (Will) - scott joyner

ANUBIAN LIGHTS The Jackal and Nine CD EP
SPIRAL REALMS Crystal Jungles of Eos CD
I keep telling my friends: If you want Pink Floyd, then buy a Pink Floyd disc. But they keep insisting that there is some substance to this semi-ambient, "space rock" bullshit. They're wrong! The truth about techno is, if you can't dance to it, then it sucks. And there are very few exceptions. Listening to these two discs makes me realize why so many people hate techno. In addition to their formulaic sounds, Anubian Lights and Spiral Realms also suffer cases of massive coat-tail riding, as both band's bio sheets make constant reference to their status as "former members of Hawkwind." Ooh boy! Aging Hawkwind fans take note: These guys may not exactly be at their creative peak. Both discs were released on Hypnotic Records, which is a division of Cleopatra Records, a label whose quality catalog cannot be dissed. Cleopatra generally deals in new and classic industrial, electro and gothic. Some of the good shit? Christian Death, Alien Sex Fiend, 45 Grave, The Addicts, Psychic TV, Kraftwerk, Hawkwind, of course, and, believe it or not, Sigue Sigue Sputnik. They also do a good bit of business in compilations (check out the '96 release Wired Injections). Anubian Lights and Spiral Realms, however, represent the portion of Cleopatra's catalog that they can't actually trade for money. In which case they give it away. To independent media. (Hypnotic) - d. carson

BATTERSHELL Beautiful Princess of Spit CD
Another band that plays college alternative music, but wait a minute, this one is pretty good. Battershell, a new band from New York, needs a little polishing on their rough ends, but that's "in" now, so I guess it's okay. The four songs on their debut, Beautiful Princess Of Spit, feature a blend of melodic female vocals and aggressive guitar. Yeah, I've heard it all before, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't mind hearing it again. (NG) - mike pfeiffer

BELLATRIX Stranger Tales CD
I thought a lot of their songs borrowed from the Bjork / Sugarcubes motif, so when I found out Bellatrix is an Icelandic import, I was not surprised. They were winners of the annual Icelandic "Battle of the Bands" in 1992. Strangers Tales is an English language re-release of their chart-topping Kynjasogur CD. A gang of four teenage girls with a boy drummer in tow, they create a pop innocence that's pleasant to listen to, a nice full sound. Vocalist Eliza's use of violin on many cuts give the music a skewed bluegrass edge that doesn't detract from the Raincoats quality of the music. Songs of fairy tales ("Sleeping Beauty" and "Frogprince") and flying ("Icarus" and "Plunk A Feather"). I love Eliza's bubblegum popping vocal screeches in "My Friend The Cow." (Bad Taste Ltd.) - allen salyer

BIG ASS TRUCK s/t CD
Here's more of that white boy funk, except this time it has turntables. Big deal. It's still painful. Sure they might think they "got it goin' on," but the "malt liquor" and "chicken" references are just too predictable. Hasn't Memphis strung these suckers up yet? (Upstart) - bryan ramirez

BLOODLET Eclectic CS
Eclectic is a collection of early Bloodlet singles and studio tracks that skirts along the boundaries of Death Metal. Great Sepultura-style percussion, intelligent lyrics, aggressive guitars and growling vocals. Florida-based hardcore that fits comfortably alongside the likes of Unbroken and Groundwork. (Victory) *R. Alexander.*

BORAX Crunchy Porno Monkey CD
Their press kit states they "...avoid using keyboards, computers...when unnecessary." Perhaps they should reconsider the definition of the word "necessity." The same clipping also says, "If dogs wrote pop songs, it would probably sound like Borax." Actually, as press kits have been known to exaggerate the slightest bit on rare occasions, let *me* clarify that: If dogs *could* write pop songs, Borax would be out of business. Boring and annoying down on the corner bar music that wants to be punk, but wasn't, even 10 years ago when these guys hadn't annoyed the piss out of their seven or eight "fans." Save your boredom and annoyance for more worthy efforts. (Throbbing Cop) - fike

BRAINIAC Hissing Prigs In Static Couture CD
I have waited oh so very long for this disc, especially after hearing them test out the material on the road this summer. Brainiac are one of my faves, as they have been constantly evolving since their first recordings, moving away from original comparisons to something that is unique. They continue that pioneering with this new album, produced once again by GVSB's Eli Janney. With effects on nearly all the instruments and vocals, and frontman Tim Taylor's Moog soaring in the background, the band almost unleashes their music, rather than play it. There is not a bad track on this one, although it might take someone who is a virgin to Brainiac a few listens to absorb it all. I still pick out something new whenever I listen to it. This record also captures more of their live feel than its predecessors (By the way, even if you absolutely cannot STAND Brainiac's music on record, you can't resist them live. It's overwhelming.). The stand-outs are "I Am a Cracked Machine," "Kiss Me, You Jacked-Up Jerk," and "Vincent, Come on Down," but these are by no means the only great ones. If you care anything at all about the future of music, pick this up, 'cause Brainiac is the final frontier. (Touch & Go) - m. payok

brainiac

CAPSIZE 7 Mephisto CD
Now here are four noisy guys who write and play songs about the human condition without descending into the bowels of adolescent indignation. (I think) C7 come from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Caleb Southern produced this record (Archers Of Loaf, Ben Folds Five). So that should have some of your mouths watering already. Their music and ideas are chaotic, abstract, intelligent, cynical...but appealing just the same. Lead singer Joe Taylor (and Geoff Abell as well) has that really mixed up way of sweeping his vocals over the imaginative instrumentation of bass player Mike Jackson and drummer Chris Toms (like he displaces the emotion or something, so nothing is predictable). Some of the images are clear and their meanings understandable ("Remote Control Human"). Others, I don't know. Listen to it for yourself. According to Caroline, the band released two 7-inches (Capsize 7/Caleb Southern "collaborations") Saver and Cudge on their own label, Pig Zen's Pace. They released another 7-inch entitled Column Shifter (one of the titles on this LP) on Get-Go in 1995. They also put out a 5-song EP, Recline And Go, on the Chapel Hill label Hep-Cat. (Caroline) - norene cashen

CARLOS Amy Armageddon CD
Heavy pop-rock from San Francisco. Ho hum. There's so much of this stuff that just blends in with the rest of them. Maybe everyone of these bands should create one big band and score a Phil Spector sound. Or maybe not. (Headhunter) - bryan ramirez

CATCHERS Mute CD
Well I won't be able to make it through this review without using the words "Ireland" and "poetic" at least once. So there. The four Catchers are from Ireland and everybody keeps saying, "Well, don't expect another U2 or something." And that's okay, because they're right. Singer/songwriter Dale Grundle pieces together some really beautiful and original collages of pain and expressions of quiet discomfort. Alice Lemon's sweet singing brings his nasally vocals back down from Luna-land (that's a reference to the band Luna, not track 11, which, incidentally, is called "La Luna"). Anyway, the whole thing is quite peaceful and unsettling all at once. You'll see this a lot when you read about the Catchers: Grundle is some kind of inarticulate, sad poet-type who doesn't do interviews because he can't express himself or something. But read the lyrics to lovely pop songs like "Beauty No. 3," "Jesus Spaceman," and some of the other tracks on this record, and you might say what I say, "Mute, my ass." (Setanta/Discovery) - norene cashen

CELESTIAL SEASON Solar Lovers CD
Now here's one for you. Two guitars, two violins, plus your usual bass, drums, vox combination that add up to a strange Black Sabbath-meets-Ultravox (in their pre-Midge Ure days) sound. The vocalist, Stefan, alternates from normal-voiced singing to death metal growling. The guits are nice-n-heavy and the violins add another dimension to the overall sound, but I don't know... They're from Holland, so I'm thinking that they might have spent a little too much time in the hash bars, or, maybe it's from living their entire lives below sea level. In all honesty, this CD is hard to classify, hard to take seriously and hard to sit through. The tunes are there, but the vocals sound so silly that I now know why Mr. D. Wood fobbed it off on yours truly. Next... (Metal Blade) - norman zebrowski

CHILDREN OF THE BONG Sirius Sounds CD
Taken from the name of a song created in ancient Tibet, Children Of The Bong make music that could not have any other origin than the psychedelic haze a bong induces. Forgoing what other techno artists are doing, COTB stalk out new territory with a sound of oscillating wave patterns, alien vocals and swirling effects that take the music to the very heights of sound improvisation. From the quick, frantic pace of "Ionospheric State" to the relaxing weird acid of "Underwater Dub," Sirius Sounds contains eight long songs, where time is immediately forsaken for the ecstatic journey of innovative sound. Comprised of two techheads from London, COTB, must have found H.G. Wells' Time Machine, because this is the music of the future. (Planet Dog/Mammoth) - mike pfeiffer

THE CHINESE MILLIONAIRES White Collar Criminals 7"
Four songs of pure snot-nosed punk rock. Gritty tunes, two covers and two originals, that smoke your speakers like nobody's business. This isn't pop punk or hardcore, this is honest-to-goodness p-rock of the old school (read 70's) variety. Raunchy, crunchy, aggressive as hell, this is one helluva debut. If you want the real deal, this slab o' wax is what you're looking for. One of the best 7's I've heard in many moons. So what are you waiting for? Go buy it already. (Punkity Rockity) - norman zebrowski

CHRISTIAN DEATH Amen Double CD
Double live action set from the progenitors of the North American (and subsequently European) goth scenes. This 22 song *magna opus* was recorded last year in Mexico City, and it documents Christian Death's long career. Noticeably absent from this set is co-founder Rozz Williams, but don't let that discourage you. The music is very well-played, and the live setting contributes to the overall sound on this album in a very positive way. This line-up, led by Valor, is extremely potent, while Amen as a whole reinforces and solidifies Christian Death's position at the forefront of the Goth genre. Amen is well worth your attention and is recommended to fans and the curious alike. (Century Media) - norman zebrowski

CHROME CRANKS Lost Time Blues CD EP
Not sure what to think of this. Spencer-cum-Yow vocals spit out four grimy lo-fi blues numbers with a I've-just-shot-a-man-lazy urgency. Four tracks is too little to push a man to a decision, particularly with the best track being a 1993 out-take minus drummer Bob Bert. (PCP Entertainment) - pants mulligan

CORPUS DELECTI Sarabands CD
French goth outfit, Corpus Delecti (named after a surrealist photographic technique), combine the aggressive sounds of Christian Death and the atmosphere of Joy Division creating a haunting album that is sure to get lots of play on long winter nights. Although highly derivative, the band has managed to come up with their own unique hybrid. Like the aforementioned Joy Division the simplicity of the songwriting adds to the impact of the brooding, claustrophobic vocals. An impressive debut. (Cleopatra) - norman zebrowski

CROWN OF THORNZ Train Yard Blues CD
Do you really think a band that spells thorns with a "Z" is going to be any good? Well they're not. New York stomp-core a la Biohazard: "6 foot 10 and 900 pounds of pure fury/He's his own judge and his own jury" -- you get the picture. Although I remember a time when Equal

Vision gave us bands like Prema and 108, not street-wise tattoo rock. (Equal Vision) - r. alexander

CRISIS N.I.i. the alien conspiracy CD

Fifth Colvmn Records in conjunction with Cyber-tec Records are certainly trying to take hold of the cyber-world with electronic body music. Crisis N.I.i. is the fourth release by this label, and it's also one of the best. In the tradition of Front 242 and Frontline Assembly, Crisis N.I.i.'s songs are fast, aggressive and forceful, without being overwhelming on the ear. But, what's even cooler is, the alien conspiracy is a concept album, filled with science fiction technology, alien paranoia and future warnings. Phrases like "It's a lie," "I have to question everything before me," and "keep your eyes to the skies" run throughout the album, filling the listener with a chill about what could be out there. If you're a fan of the *X Files*, and like industrial dance music, the answer isn't out there, it's right here. (Fifth Colvmn) - mike pfeiffer

CROSSED WIRE Arrival Time CD

Longtime Detroit scenesters, Crossed Wire, are still plugging away more than 10 years since their inception, which in and of itself is quite a feat, but the question remains, is anyone listening? Judging from this lackluster offering I can't see why anyone would give a fuck. Sometimes the package has got to be prettied up a bit, and in the case of Crossed Wire I'm not sure exactly what that would entail, but it's gotta be more than this bowl of collegiate pabulum. Folk-ish pop harmonies and the inevitable acoustic tortures, this ain't gonna be hanging around long. (Real Deluxe) - d. wood

DEADGUY Fixation On A Co Worker CS

No surprises here. This is your typical brand of gritty, chunky Chokehold-style hardcore, coupled with Pantera-esque vocals. Although I expected the traditional outstanding Victory product (Guilt, Snapcase, Earth Crisis et al), Fixation on a Co Worker quickly developed into a tedious smattering of testosterone-fueled anger, suffocating my interest after the first few songs. (Victory) - r. alexander

TEISCO DEL REY Plays Music For Lovers CD

The undisputed cheese wizard of the electric guitar, spoons up 13 more stunning tracks heavy in style and long on kitsch. Of particular interest is the cover of the lost Link Wray gem, "Steel Trap" and "El Sleazo Chorizo," a weird reggae surf track. (Upstart) - pants mulligan

THE DETROIT COBRAS Village of Love b/w Maria Christina 7"

1964 punk rock, with a strong side of Kingsmen-era panty-smoldering slop. This 7" smacks of sex. Very hot. (Human Fly) - pants mulligan

DIDJWORKS Grand Central Live CD

Listening to a CD like this, the question that comes to mind is - why? I can understand a few friends that play percussion wanting to get together and jam in a train station, but I can't understand taping it and then releasing a CD! Yet, here it is. The crowd sounds like about three people that clap out of what must be sympathy. There's no real distinction between any of the songs, just percussion and a damn annoying didjeridoo. By the way, a didjeridoo is a large bamboo instrument that originated from the Australian aborigines (at least you learned something by reading this). The didjeridoo sound is like a mosquito incessantly buzzing in your ear on a hot night, the only proper thing to do about it is squash it! I just don't get it, and neither should you. (Nature Beat Music) - mike pfeiffer

DISARRAY Widespread Human Disaster CS

It was really, really cool when I was 11 and 12. From the looks of the picture on the inside flap, these guys gotta be a few years older than me. This means they've probably heard these same power chords and screams even longer than me, and I guess they're not tired of them. You know I love heavy music. If you've read any of my reviews, you could probably pick up that I am into it. But when it's done like this, I can't help yawning and putting something else on. The gimmick and the sound is practically indistinguishable from about 80 million other "thrash" acts. I guess if it's what you love, do it. But for goodness sake at least do something with it. With song titles like "Powered By Hate" and "Agony," does it sound to you like they're covering new ground? I don't think so. ($5.00 ppd c/o Chuck Bennet POB 975 Dickson, TN 37055) - mazzola

THE DOGMATICS 1981-86 CD

Well meaning but weak garage pop from the band that was everybody's friend in the early 80's Boston scene. The liner notes drop such names as the Del Fuegos, Los Lobos and the Replacements, but even if those names mean something to you, don't come here expecting similar results. Ultimately, these are just somebody else's memories. (Shredder) - fred beldin

ECONOLINE CRUSH Affliction CD

There was an article in last month's *Spin* about pop metal bands and how they're becoming a thing of the past. Skid Row, Poison, Warrant, you know the bands (but probably wish you hadn't), and how pissed these bands are about losing their audience to alternative music. My question to these bands is, why don't you jump on the bandwagon? Cut your hair, or grow dreadlocks, put on some flannel, and make your sound a little rawer, then call it alternative rock and sell a million. Stone Temple Pilots are a text book example of a band that excels at this. And, Econoline Crush are an example in the making. Except, Econoline Crush also take the increasingly popular industrial synth sound of Nine Inch Nails and toss it into their sound.

On their debut, Affliction, Econoline Crush do their best to make their pop metal sound appetizing to the alternative listener. They give their songs ugly, repulsive titles like "wicked," "blunt," and "slug." Their songs all run along the theme of the despairing individual among the "cruel world" (another song title). The vocalist, Trevor Hunt, yells and stammers, then whispers in that quiet growl that's supposed to be revealing. Maybe if there is something original in what Econoline Crush is doing, I might be interested in what they're revealing. But, all I see is a band playing what's been done before, adding in what works today, and failing at giving me anything worthwhile. (EMI) mike pfeiffer

EDSEL Techniques Of Speed Hypnosis CD

I don't know. Even though Edsel present a clear view and sound of their product, the feeling I get is the equivalent of waiting by a disconnected phone. The Husker Du comparison would be of the lightweight nature. It has that spacious indie-charge sound, but nothing hardly ever grabs me. Whimsical pop/rock with occasional bursts of growl turn this into a snail race and by the time the winner crosses the line, you don't even give a shit who you bet on by then. (Relativity) bryan ramirez

EMILY'S SASSY LIME Desperate, Scared, But Social CD

Never mind the vinyl! Wendy the lurch, Emily the mole and Amy Salami claim to have a crime record the size of Nation Of Ulysses (ex-Dischord alumni who joked about their involvement in illegal activities). Top secret info inside the CD jacket tells how certain authority figures linked these girls to the youth organization *G.U.S.T.O.* - the "G" does not stand for geriatric. Song #11, named after the Guerilla Union of Sinister Teenage Opportunists, uses two malevolent chords drenched in ominous reverb to make it twice as menacing. The drum's 1-2 garage beat provide back up on each of the album's 15 songs that get the "Kim Gordon singin'-through-a-megaphone" treatment. Low-fi distorted bass and off-key organ noises are also on the agenda. If you like cool song titles like, "Would Be Sabotuers Take Heed," etc., then Emily's minimalist sound should be the least of your worries, unless you're one of those uptight musician geeks who requires every band to play 20 minute guitar solos. (Kill Rock Stars) - shawn wernette

ENGINE 88 / AMERICAN SENSEI Robots Are Real split 7"

Musical brilliance and fantastic packaging are severely undermined by sappy Archers of Loaf-ish vocals. I wish I had one of those vocal eliminators they advertise in the back of *Rolling Stone*, as this is two really great tracks marred irreparably by some poor simp singing like his girl just stepped on his dick. Probably will hit the Top 40. (Hep-Cat) - pants mulligan

FALLING FORWARD / METROSCHIFTER Acoustic 7"

As most of the Falling Forward faithful (like me) know, they have unfortunately parted ways. Thankfully, they have left us with one of their finest works yet, nearly topping 1994's masterpiece Hand Me Down. Two emotional, melodic and insightful creations from a band that will be sorely missed. Metroschifter is the latest in a long line of Louisville bands (Enkindel, Falling Forward, Guilt) with excellent musicianship, catchy melodies and emotional drive. The first feature is a splendid acoustic rendition of "Myth," penned by fellow Louisville sluggers Endpoint. Next is "E," a jangly, solemn story of heartache and remorse dancing on the edge of Neil Young. Both songs are tastefully accented by the addition of a cello and are featured on their latest self-titled release, The Metroschifter. (Initial) - r. alexander

FATSACK Belleview 7"

Mediocre production adds volume to this raucous 7". After seeing this band live (and being incredibly unimpressed), I expected a dud from these simps. I must admit I was mistaken when I made a prior reference to Fugazi when I wrote of these fellas previously. I think that may have been a whole other band, as Fatsack (on this 7") sounds nothing like the band I saw. I am thoroughly confused. (Anti-Music) - pants mulligan

FIELDTREE Limb b/w Memories of the World 7"

"Limb" is a chaotic Bleach-era tune (a la you-know-who), with fuzzy vocals and a cold, punchy bass line. "Memories of the World" is a jazzy, syncopated romp through a barren land of feedback and tempo changes. Fieldtree is the third offering from local conglomerate Lonely Kids Records, and they should be commended for providing two excellent, yet remarkably different songs. (Lonely Kid) - r. alexander

FUN LOVIN' CRIMINALS s/t CD

I hate this. More rotten rap/rock/blues/funk hybrid Chili Peppers/Beastie Boys/P-Funk/ you know what I'm talking about. There is no way I can be objective about crap like this. Maybe in 20 years this will be quaint, maybe even end up on some Nuggets comp. our kids will listen to, just like all the cookie cutter garage bands we eat up that weren't anything special the first time around. Meanwhile, listen to something else, this only has archival value. (Silver Spotlight) fred beldin

FURRY THINGS s/t 7"

Rise Records has done some great things lately (the New Bomb Turks new 7", the stellar lo-fi Memphis Goons 7", etc.). Where this fits in is a mystery, was half expecting the band to break into a No Pocky For Kitty-era Superchunk song. Kind of a dud. (**Rise**) - pants mulligan

GALACTIC COWBOYS Machine Fish CD

Never liked Galactic Cowboys in the past, not because of their music really, just because of their name. Trust me, never judge a book by its cover, or its name, because this latest by the Texas-based Galactic ones is a full out party animal. Good, ballsy metal, straight ahead, no hidden agendas. S-S-S-Saturday Night!!! (Metal Blade) - d. wood

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS House Of GVSB CD

Girls Against Boys are cool. They're cool, you know it, and they don't. It's our little secret. Urge Overkill are just a memory. Because they knew it. Forgive the comparison. The last GVSB album for Touch & Go. Ready to hit the big time. This one's a keeper. I like it. I like it a lot. So keep it a secret. Keep it a secret. (Touch & Go) - marty klotz

GOOD COURAGE Old, Broken & Destroyed CD

I haven't heard music like this in quite a while, synth-pop with just a bit of an edge. The cover sticker says a cross between Depeche Mode and Front 242, but I'd say much closer to Depeche Mode. The songs on Old, Broken and Destroyed run along the tired themes of despair and cold relationships, with catchy synth line and the clang and bang of percussion. Some interesting ground is covered on "This Day" with spoken lyrics about a bad day. But, overall they fail to capture what is making electronic music so exciting today, the innovative noises and faster-paced melodies. This may have been interesting 10 years ago, but wake up guys -- it's 1996! (Hard/Cleopatra) - mike pfeiffer

THE GREAT BRAIN Ray b/w Half Decayed 7"

Does anyone listen to this alterno-crap? A buncha sing-songy lyrics with bad grunge backings. Thank the Lord we don't live in Missouri. (Faye) - pants mulligan

HANZEL UND GRETYL Ausgeflippt CD

"X-Ray Delta One, this is mission control." A multi-lingual, super-numeric techno-trip through dead baby land, and here you are...in a post-apocalyptic Euro-industrial junkyard with a band of unknown origin (unless you count the rumor that they are from New York) and, worse yet, unknown destination. Hanzel Und Gretyl scream social criticisms at you, mostly in elementary German, over loud electronic racket. The most unforgettable thing about the whole experience is listening to this female species singing bass-level gravel pit vocals. Don't give her a mic when she's pissed off: "Meisterfrau ist meisterfrau ist meister" (meisterfrau = master woman or something like that). The lyric sheet says, "Translations not included." But take it from me, there's nothing profound going on here lyrically. I mean, "Clean we clean, we are so dirty" isn't something you want to stick up on the refrigerator for daily inspiration. What *does* this inspire? Hell if I know. (Energy) - norene cashen

HARDFLOOR Da Damn Phreak Noize Phunk? CD

Considering the name, Hardfloor, I would expect something a little faster and harsher than this. But, rather than floor me with a knock-out punch, Hardfloor puts me to the ground with subtle deep bass sounds and tweaks that leave my head spinning dizzy. Unlike other phunkwantobees, Da Damn Phreak Noize Phunk? isn't just injected with phunk, it's intrinsic to the sound, booming with snazzy percussion and hip-hop rhythms. You also won't hear any of those tired, recycled techno staples. This is original electronic music that you won't find anywhere else. I'd single out a couple songs, but all six tracks are innovative, catchy numbers. James Brown is dead, indeed. (EYE-Q) - mike pfeiffer.

HELLNO Adios Armageddon CD

The finest CD package I've come across in a while, coupled with heavy sludge rock a la AmRep. Not real fond of the metal guitar overlays, but I'm real big on the rhythms: very AmRep-cum-Earache. (Reservoir) - pants mulligan

MIKE HENDERSON Edge Of Night CD

It's a damn good thing we have cats like Mr. Henderson who haven't disgraced their honky tonk and old school country music roots. A tip of the hat dedication to the great Waylon Jennings, a great rendition of Pops Staples' "This May Be The Last Time" and never-ending great sassy slide tunes that jump from toe-tappin' to slow porch swing blues. This is one that stays true to its nature and is a full-blown pleasurable listen. Appearances by label mate Tammy Rogers (who released the amazing In The Red with Don Heffington) and the well-respected Delbert McClinton lend a hand. Dead Reckoning done me well once again. (Dead Reckoning) - bryan ramirez

HENRY & JUNE Going Back To Memphis b/w Lowdown Streamline 7"
I spent most of the afternoon siphoning gas through a garden hose. Henry & June probably did likewise the day they cut this monster. Heavy, greasy lo-fi blues laden with an extra portion of chops. These fellas belt it out like nobody's business on the A-side, then come back and do it again. (Human Fly) - pants mulligan

HI STANDARD Growing Up CD
Crisp, clean ponk rock from Japan. This CD is tighter 'n wet blue jeans or lines on Joan Rivers' face. I'm tellin' you, if I didn't have the press kit in front o' me, I'd swear these guys were from Southern California. Finally, a band from Japan that doesn't give me a headache! The tunes are well-written, the lyrics are in English with, get this, American surfer-type accents! Amazing! Listen -- if ponk is your deal, you'd do well in buyin' this disc. Banzai! (Fat Wreck Chords) norman zebrowski.

HOR-HOUSE s/t CD
I must admit to not being interested in anything on this label in a long time, and this wildly erratic collection of skronk isn't helping matters much. Greg Ginn remains one of the best guitar players in the world, but this stuff isn't really what he does best. This is semi-electronic noodling and I can't imagine that you couldn't live nicely without it, I mean if you wanna freak it, you gotta deak it, ya know!! (SST) - d. wood

IMMOLATION Here In After CD
Angry bunch of sons o' guns pissed off about everything, within the distinct parameters of the death metal sound. Growling vox, violent guitar riffage, fast and slow tempos. I'd like to take a long, slow Sunday afternoon cruise through the country with Kathie Lee Gifford strapped in the seat next to me, with this nasty fucker booming through the speakers. Grrroooowwwllllll!!!! (Metal Blade) - d. wood

J CHURCH Nostalgic for Nothing CD
Good, old-fashioned California pop punk with vocals reminiscent of R.E.M. and hooks aplenty. 26 hummable songs, with great sing-a-long choruses, and even a ballad or two. (Broken Rekids) - r. alexander

J CHURCH Arbor Vitae CD
Arbor Vitae is a bit more polished than Nostalgic For Nothing, yet it maintains all the hooks and all the drive of its predecessor. More catchy songs about being bored, doing nothing, and um...being bored. I likes it. J Church is definitely worth checking out if you haven't already. (Honey Bear) - r. alexander

JOHNNY SOCKO Oh, I DO Hope It's Roast Beef! CD
He was dancing around in circles, but soon realized the music had stopped, so just as any Bear with Brain would do, he stopped dancing. Shortly, he spoke, "Is that The Very Old Fishbone Bootleg you were telling us about, down in the meadow?"
"No, Pooh, it's a *newer* group called Johnny Socko, and..."
"Like the TV show with the Giant Robot?"
"Yes, just like that. And, as I was saying, they're from Indiana, not LA, but they do sound just a little like Fishbone, don't they?"
The bear, a little distracted, looked up from his nearly empty pot of honey, "What, oh yes, I would say they sound quite a lot like them, actually."
I asked Winnie-the-Pooh what he actually thought of this CD, beyond what he had already told us. "Well," he paused for a moment, trying to sound as intellectual as possible, "It's not *honey*, but then, nothing else is." He stopped and turned around, and then stopped again at the hi-fi. "I think that I should play it again and dance some more, just to be sure."
"To be sure of what, Pooh-bear?"
But Pooh couldn't hear me by then; the ska was already pumping out of the old hi-fi at full blast, and everyone else was already dancing too. (L.L.C.) - fike

JUNE OF 44 Engine Takes To The Water CD
Ex-Rodan frontman Jeff Mueller's new band is a cut above his previous work. Consisting of present and former members of Rex, Hoover, Codeine, Crown Hate Ruin and Sonora Pine, June Of 44's first disc kicks off with the eight-minute-plus "Have a Safe Trip, Dear" and right away I knew they were something special. With brilliant instrumental work, sparse vocals and just plain good songwriting, June create soundscapes that mix power and beauty. The record is painfully short (only eight songs), but that is the only recognizable flaw. The songs alternate between shorter hard ones, to a few that almost resemble New Wet Kojack ("I Get My Kicks For You"). June just played an excellent show at the Shelter in Detroit as well. I was frightened because I thought this band was just a side project, but there are plans for another release this year. This is something everyone should hear. (Quarterstck) - m. payok

JUNK FUD Sleep b/w #12 7"
"Sleep" is one part Iceburn, mixed with one part Skinny Puppy, not shaken, not stirred...pureed. "#12" features guitar work that would bring a smile to the face of any Ride fan - albeit blanketed by a wall of sonic destruction. Junk Fud is a comfortable mixture of raw electronic noise textured with sophisticated melodies. (Spit In Your Face) - r. alexander

KILL HOLIDAY

KILL HOLIDAY Monitor Dependency CD
Straight-edge hardcore with heavy chugga-chugga guitars and emotional, melodic lyrics. Monitor Dependency left me speechless -- magnificent from start to finish. Four original, touching, heart-felt, songs of sorrow and futility. (New Age) - r. alexander

LITTERBOX s/t 7"
Old style, 4-track p-rock 7" with listenable vocals and some catchy tunes. The last track, "Ecstasy," is not as good as the rest. I'm pretty sure I've never written a review before. (Litterbox) - pants mulligan

THE LOVEMASTERS Hot Pants Zone CD
Here's an ass kicker for you. Bootsey X and the boys crank out some fine rump shakers. This CD has been a long time in coming, let me tell you. You get The Lovemasters' "(Annie Got) Hot Pants Power," a smokin' version of the punk anthem "I'm A Ram Rod," the wonderfully named (not to mention catchy) "Genius From The Waist Down" and the Dark Carnival (with famed Stooges guitarist Ron Ashton) classic "(Santa's Got A) Bomb For Whitey." I'm happy as a clam that Bootsey X finally snagged himself a national. This is good stuff, gang. (Alive/Total Energy) - norman zebrowski

NICK LOWE Party Of One CD
Originally released in '90, Lowe collaborates with former Rockpile mate, Dave Edmonds, to produce yet another underrated gem. Lowe is a true staple in the traditional R-n-R, boozy barfly strut. The songwriting elevates Lowe beyond the simple producer into a higher class of greatness. Ry Cooder makes an appearance, so you know that the flawlessness rings true. A wise reissue. (Upstart) - bryan ramirez

LSD SQUIRTGUN Sick Men Lead the Healthy CS
D-I-Y project geared towards the advancement of hat sizes amongst our American youth. Nice Crucifucks cover ("Hinkley Had A Vision") makes this whole thing worthwhile. Dig it. (Automatic) - pants mulligan

THE MAKERS s/t CD
One can tell from the simple, but effective, middle finger on the cover of this gem that you are in for one helluva punk rock ride. Sleazy, snotty, '66 p-rock with enough lo-fi hi-energy fuzz to permanently damage your eardrums. Vocals sound like they're recorded from under a pile of port wine and cough syrup bottles. (Estrus) - pants mulligan

McRACKINS In On The Yolk! CD
Canada's McRackins are back with this superb piece o' "ponk" (my new term for pop-punk). Tight-fast-funny-catchy, Bil, Fil and Spot have got a winner with this release. In On The Yolk! is pure FUN. "The Great Vegetable Dilemma," "Teenage Valentino" and "Life, Hey Mikey" are tops. Toe-tappin' ponk - way cool - funny. I'm being redundant. I'm being redundant. I'm being...aw forget it and just snag this CD. (Shredder) - norman zebrowski

MIND COLLIDE Cybertronic Technomatic CD
These styles show a little promise, but at the same time, little promise, if you catch my meaning. The beats aren't bad, the effects make it "out there," but the whole mix lacks energy and leaves something to be desired. It's definitely not the best techno around, but can you realistically expect anything more than predictability with an album title like Cybertronic Technomatic? Of course not. J. Lawrence of New Jersey, the sole member of Mind Collide, must've been living under a rock or something for the last two, three years, because if he hadn't been, he could have, at the very least, blatantly ripped off some of today's best techno musicians, and created something much more listenable. This stuff is so average and homogenous, it could easily be labeled "pop." Buy this album only if you are extremely rich and extremely bored. (Bionic) - d. carlson

MISSED IN DIARY Dissolve CD
If there is one thing that Missed In Diary has ever been accused of, is that they are so damn retro. Yet when you're wearing your influences (such as early New Order, Comsat Angels and Killing Joke) on your sleeve, who am I to complain? If there is one more thing to crucify M.I.D. (80's style acronym, natch) for is their sinful drum machine. Yet again when you're as demanding a writer as Jeff Cornett, you have to wonder if the machine asks for a towel to wipe the sweat off of its knobs during practice. The controlling yet intricate rhythmic patterns fit this style to a "T." While we wonder where Dissolve fits in as we approach the next millennium, I think I'll slap this on one more time. Well, maybe after I get through those Comsat reissues... (Eye) - marty klotz

MOJACK Merchandising Murder CD
Greg Ginn goes for a hip-hop modern instrumental jazz thing, huh? It's too bad that Ginn is the only thing that stands out by finally fitting his neurotic guitar scratch to something like this. It's not too horrific, but not too mind-blowing. It's just too funky. Too bad Ginn isn't East Coast, then he could pull a Thurston Moore and hook up with free jazz freaks like Charles Gayle or William Hooker to crank out one motherf*cker of a disc. (SST) - bryan ramirez

MOJO MEN Whys Ain't Supposed To Be... CD
VEJTABLES Feel The Vejtables CD
E-TYPES Introducing CD
GREAT SOCIETY Born To Be Burned CD
All four of these reissues are part of the "Quakes from the Eureka State" series on Sundazed (who are quietly becoming the kings of surf and garage reissues), and all four are definitely worthwhile for any fan of the 60's garage and pop era.
The Mojo Men - Recorded in 1965 and '66, they were influenced by the surrounding sounds of the day: The Beatles, Yardbirds, etc. Many of the sessions were produced by Sly Stone. These 21 songs are a must for any 60's garage pop fan.
Vejtables - Started out more in the folk rock vein, then I guess they found it was more fun to turn the speakers up and crank it up, classic 60's garage/punk classics. A must.
E-Types - (my personal favorite of the four) More of the typical 60's garage rock, very influenced by the Yardbirds, also includes "Put the Clock Back on the Wall." Another must have.
Great Society - Grace Slick with a garage band, these tracks are interesting. I can see why Grace went with the Airplane. Not quite as essential as the other three, more of a curiosity.
Also check out some of the other great Sundazed 60's reissues such as Bonniwell Music Machine and the Chocolate Watchband, you won't be disappointed. (Sundazed) - willy wilson

THE MOTARDS Rock Kids CD
Snotty American punk rock. *MRR* gobbles this sort of thing up. If that's your thing, this may be the best thing you buy all year. (eMpTy) - pants mulligan

MOUTHPIECE Face Tomorrow CD
An outstanding chant-a-long disc that reminds me of Function and early Endpoint. Mouthpiece's old school sound has a heavy East Coast influence that creates a new brand of finger-pointing, stage-diving, anthem hardcore. (New Age) - r. alexander

MY DYING BRIDE The Angel and the Dark River CD
This CD is amazing. Very heavy -- bordering on oppressive -- goth-metal. Ultra sharp production mixed with haunting melodies and well-timed samples combine to create an almost palpable tension underlying the entire disc. Fans of Type O Negative will enjoy this immensely, but I have to say that My Dying Bride make Type O Negative sound like school children (and this is coming from a Type O Negative fan). From song one, "The Cry of Mankind," through to the end, the listener will find him or herself hooked. These gents are making quite a name for themselves in Europe and it is easy to see why. My only concern is whether or not they can pull it off live, and, like you dear reader, I'll have to wait until they come to the States later this year to find out. Very heavy, very dark and certainly very haunting. The Angel and the Dark River is now part of my regular rotation, and that is the highest compliment and recommendation I can give any record. This CD is already on my "Top 10" list for 1996. (Fierce Recordings) - norman zebrowski

MYSTERY MACHINE 10 Speed CD
Because they're from Canada, Mystery Machine have an unfair advantage in the Detroit area, 89X will play them constantly, and it'll seem like they have at least five hits from their CD. But, you know what? This is a good thing, because Mystery Machine is one of the best all around rock bands I've heard in a long while. They *should* be played on radio, and their songs should be hits because they can be listened to more than once without making you sick (take that Alanis Morisette). "Pound for Pound" kick starts 10 Speed with a fast and turbulent tune, while "Brand New Song" adds a somber, brooding

touch. Mystery Machine have a knack of playing powerful music without sounding overbearing, on "Sinker" a subdued approach is taken with a catchy verse and chorus you can't help but sing along to. Another really cool thing about this CD is the CD-Rom track that features an instrumental video and live presentation of "Sinker." (Nettwerk) - mike pfeiffer

NAPALM DEATH Diatribes CD

It's definitely still Napalm Death, but some of these tracks may surprise you. Finally, a band cool enough to decide to try and stretch grindcore further. This needs to happen if I am to continue listening to this kind of stuff. The whole faster/growlier thing pretty much hit its end years ago, but it seems most bands following those footsteps are too afraid to branch out from the beaten path. And we all know it's getting way old and quite boring. Diatribes is not. It's still heavy as shit, but it's not boring. It's not just the same old crap, and, hopefully, some other bands will catch on. Not to branch off where Napalm has, but find their own route separate from all those same, by now lame, gimmicks. If you like grindcore, or if you ever did, this one's finally moving it on up. So, check it out for yourself. I do recommend. (Earache) - mazzola

NEGATIVLAND Sex Dirt CD

The introduction of a grand piano to Negativland's weekly radio program, "Over the Edge," adds little credence to their attempts to "push the media envelope." However, this is the most impressive packaging effort yet by these fellows. The inclusion of a Negativland "Sperm-away" moist towelette tempts the potential purchaser, but the music encoded onto the CD does nothing but bore the listener. Unlike its live radio counterpart, Negativland as a recorded entity falls flat. This release lacks the spontaneity of its predecessors: Points, 10-8 Place, U2, etc. (Seeland) - pants mulligan

NOISE BOX NuffNutz CD

Noise Box take an element that I always wanted to hear more of: hard rap samples, and put it in their aggressive, industrial sound. The result of this brilliant EP, are seven songs that scream of intensity and obscenity. In "I Hate You," one of the many samples is "Hey Mutherf*#!er, what the f*#!k! you doin'?!?" then what follows is the greatest anger release song of the year. "Skinner" has an eerie industrial beat, and "Some of U" is a hip-hop excursion. For a first release, Noise Box firmly establish themselves as a band that will take industrial beyond its rigid limits. (Cleopatra) - mike pfeiffer

THE NUKES Why Things Burn CD

Anthemic hardcore with strong musicianship and a healthy sense of the political and personal left. I guess if they didn't sound anything like they do, they'd be Crass. (New Red Archives) - pants mulligan

OMATIC Dog Years CD

When I heard that Omatic was the new band of former Brainiac guitarist Michelle Bodine, I had hoped it would be good. However, I was not expecting it to sound like this. With the aggressiveness of Helmet and the humor of the Ramones, Omatic connects with 17 tracks of hard-edged fun. The music is complex enough not to be just a shit punk band, and still keeps all its energy. And lyrics like, "We will neck - Until the cops come" keep you smiling. This will stay on my constant play list for a while, and I can't wait to see them live. Highly recommended. (Grass) - m. payok

ONLY LIVING WITNESS Innocents CD

Boston-based group that'll leave your ends stinging and your nads ringing, in the same vein as Sick Of It All, Leeway, The Cro-Mags and oh so many other lesser examples. But this is one of the good ones and, by God, I thought you oughta know it. Probably on Puleo's Top 10, he being a real Bahstan scene supporter and all. Now...get outta my way...I'm gonna go slam!!! (Century Media) - d. wood

PATRON SAINTS Primitive Grinderoso 7"

Fuzz infested 1966 punk rock a la The Morlocks, The Gravedigger 5, DMZ, The Fuzztones and a plethora of other mid '80s primitive p-rock incarnations. Very greasy covers of both Love and The Spitfires make this a very rewarding find. Unfortunately, these tracks were recorded in 1992, so this band (may be) defunct. (Stool Pigeon) pants mulligan

JOEL R.L. PHELPS Warm Springs Night CD

Imagine if Will Oldham grew up on the West Coast instead. Not to say this has the same magic as Palace, but it pulls off a few woefully decent songs. Lots of wandering whine under the helm of an inner-city, swamp-lite rock band. A little too open-ended to really pull you in, just a lot of simplicity and the traditional American-from-the-hills type stuff, that I have reason to believe that these guys sometimes don't fully understand. Oh well, they're on the right path and just might blossom. (El Recordo) - bryan ramirez

PLAGUED WITH RAGE I Won't Forget 7"

I thought Empathy was the only band cool enough to use Breakfast Club samples. I was right. I really, really wanted to like this - REALLY. The music is salvageable, but the vocals bring the blue book value way down. Earth Crisis-style straight-edge in that punky, East Coast metal vein. Plagued With Rage has a good message and lotsa energy but just can't seem to put it all together. (Third Party) - r. alexander

RED THUNDER

POLYPHEMUS Stonehouse CD

Brain child of musician Brian Leary, it's pretty obvious he longs for the LSD-induced days of his namesake, Timothy Leary. I might dismiss this as 70's-derivative hippie-shit, but the guitar playing is quite superb. There's a nice, hollow echo in the guitars in "The Strange High House Of Mist," for example. Space hippie music with electronic effects, backward dub swirls and Elvira Corral's backing vocals -- it's a time tunnel back to 1969. (Beggar's Banquet) - allen salyer

POPDeFECT Live in Big Bear CD

Influences abound here with covers of Billy Childish, The Sonics, Johnny Burnette, etc. This is a real strong album of covers with a handful of great originals recorded live. POPDeFECT has come quite a way from the ubiquitous Devil in My Zip Code 10". This is good clean fun with rollicking covers of "Love Potion #9," "Ode to Billie Joe," "These Boots are Made for Walking," and the stunning "Drunken Sailor" and "Squaresville." This is nearly an instant party, with great straightforward instrumentals leading into the more compelling tracks ("Lonesome Train," "Strychnine" and "Can't Escape Myself"). (Flipside) - pants mulligan

THE PRIME MOVERS *s/t* 7"

Five simple reasons not to be in a band (a.k.a. Five reasons The Prime Movers exist):

1. To get girls.
2. To play sappy 60's-oriented alternative rock.
3. To pretend that you are sensitive to the needs of a woman.
4. To steal the moniker of a cool band, or to leech off of their fame.
5. To sound like The Prime Movers.

(Clamarama) - pants mulligan

PRODUCTION GREY Channel Your Aggressions CD

It is 1996 now, isn't it? I guess these guys may not know that yet. I don't want to rip them, and I haven't seen them live (this COULD be the key), but it sounds an awful lot like they're still wrapped up in those late 80's thrash riffs that most of us seem to have gotten past as listeners. They're not at all without talent or ideas on structure, and when you compare them to the seemingly never-ending list of other bands still playing this style, they sorta rock. But there's still a huge gap between their differences from other similar bands and any substantial originality. If you guys would do your own damn thang, you might be awesome. You never know, but it's not hittin' it for me where it's at now. - mazzola

PSYCHIC TV Trip Reset CD

Psychic TV's trip has indeed been reset. For a group that has always tried to remain on the forefront of technology, Psychic TV has taken a step back with this release, approximately 20 years. Using traditional instruments and recording methods, Trip Reset is an overly long psychedelic, hallucinatory journey into the sedate and subtly dangerous visions of Genesis P-Orridge and Co. "The La La Song" opens the album with a simple pop tune, that almost comes across as a sarcastic joke. But, then, this is no joke because the rest of Trip Reset carries the tone. Including a 10 minute cover of Pink Floyd's "Set the Control for the Heart of the Sun," Trip Reset runs at a snail's pace at over 75 minutes with only 11 songs. The sound isn't bad, at times it's quite nice and interesting, especially on "Wrongs of Spring." But it would've been nice if the 'shrooms that are required for this listening experience were included. (Cleopatra) - mike pfeiffer

RED THUNDER Makoce Wakan CD

I'm in the middle of reading *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven* by Sherman Alexie, which is a series of humorous and depressing short stories of the struggling modern Native American. Red Thunder appear to have broken out of that oppressive mold, and have made a name for themselves on the H.O.R.D.E. fest circuit and (even) on MTV. Good for them. Although some of the soft acoustic songs are slightly lackluster, the traditional percussive Native American cuts are nothing less than spiritual bliss. I can't help but respect those that don't abandon their sacred ways and find freedom with a lousy bottle of hooch. Red Thunder's leader, Robbie Romero, co-founded the Morning Star Institute, an organization for the promotion of Native American traditional and cultural rights. They need your support. Write them at: Morning Star Institute 403 10th St. Washington, DC 20003. Or you can call (202)-547-5531. Godspeed Red Thunder. (Eagle Thunder) - bryan ramirez

Roosevelt's Inaugural Parade Darkened Sky b/w Vendor 7"

Great male/female vocals accompanied by guitars that are somewhere between hardcore and pop punk. R.I.P. isn't quite mosh-core, yet they're fun, energetic as hell, and deserve praise for a successful attempt at trying something different. (Initial) - r. alexander

MICHAEL ROSE Be Yourself CD

Rose, the voice behind '70s and '80s reggae giants Black Uhuru, made big waves last year with his self-titled debut (also on Heartbeat). Even before advance copies were out, bootlegs were surfacing, some which were nothing more than Rose's Black Uhuru vox spliced on top of new (backing) band's riddim tracks. Others were Uhuru outtakes, and still others were poor quality live rec's or studio rejects from past projects. All this prompted shops in the UK and Caribbean, who had the actual prod, to post signs saying, "We have the real Michael Rose," which were eventually mimicked, furthering the confusion. Well, this is the real Michael Rose. Leading off with the Uhuru-esque "Rude Boys (Back In Town)," a sort of cross between "Youth (of Eglington)" and "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner," this album evidences why the hype. Rose's style is simpler than many reggae artists of today, no rocky guitar solos or dancehall rapping here. Straight ahead, positive and uplifting reggae, with a familiar voice and solid backing musicians. The Rose-penned Black Uhuru classics, "Guess..." and "I Love King Selassie," are both covered here with varying results. The deep, rootsy "...Selassie" stands out along with the brightly buoyant "Hold It Down" and "Everything Is Pretty Fine," the latter a mellow good-feeling song, as some of the best tracks. On the other hand, "Guess..." is perhaps the only track that falls flat, feeling a bit hurried and underplayed. Recorded at Sly & Robbie's Mixing Lab in Kingston, Jamaica, Be Yourself re-affirms many reggae purist's insistence that the new Uhuru (devoid of rhythm section, Sly and Robbie, and vocalist Rose -- 1/2 to 3/4 the line up in their heyday) is a sham, and that Michael Rose is leading the way into the next decade of classic roots reggae. (Heartbeat) - fike

THE SCHRAMMS Walk To Delphi CD

Dave Schramm left his lead guitar post in Yo La Tengo back in the 80s for this more personal of visions. Originally released on vinyl in 1990 (I've got one), this CD reissue gives everyone a second chance to hear Schramm's great guitar work and occasionally great songwriting -- if you can get past his God-awful nasally honk of a voice, that is. I can. Songs of confusion, deaths of all kinds and spiritual redemption in the arms of women. Probably too jangly for all of you garage band types, but fuck you anyway. Bonus points for managing to work the word "intrinsic" into a song. (East Side Digital) - fred beldin

SEPULTURA Roots CD

I've been waiting for this one for a few years now, and I'm not at all disappointed. In fact, it's almost exactly what my ears have been itching for. This band has been one of my favorites since I was 14, and they have consistently matured with each release since then. Roots is another step in the right direction. The tracks are well layered, with a strong focus on the percussion, which is slowly stretching itself far beyond anything we've seen in this genre. Very tribal, gotta love that. The intensity level of this record is probably higher than ever. It includes an abundance of guests from different

parts of the world, including Brazilian rapper Carlinhos Brown on a track called "Ratamahatta." This one is presently my favorite. You gotta check it out for yourself, because overall I haven't found any tracks that I don't like. This is a must for Sepultura fans, and I recommend it to just about anyone who enjoys their music on the heavy side. This is quite a piece. I'm satisfied. Solid. (Roadrunner) mazzola

SICKO Chef Boy RU Dumb CD

Ponk rock from Seattle -- a full-length follow up to their Laugh While You Can Monkey Boy EP -- 17 tunes (inc. one live number) of pure fun. These young men are fast and tight with a sound that grows on you. For example, after a couple of spins you'll find yourself humming "I Hate Big Deal People" to yourself at work (or at least you will if you're a magazine editor chained to a computer in a dark, dank basement with sports talk radio as your only companion and the boss locks you in and...oops! Sorry, that stuff is just a product of my over active imagination). (Norm lives the life of Riley...kk)"The Dateless Losers" hits a wee bit close to home, but I'm able to get past it (thanks to massive amounts of anti-depressants that help me cope with being stuck in a basement office and... oops! There I go again. Sorry!) This is a way rad CD that clips along at a nice-n-steady pace. Memorable tunes, lotsa hooks, cool lyrics, smooth harmonies -- all the right ingredients in all the right amounts. As I said it grows on you... (eMpTy) - norman zebrowski

THE SILENCERS s/t 7"

With the recent demise of Dino Crochetti (a.k.a. Dean Martin), it seems only fitting to review The Silencers, a surf band that so reveres the man as to record the masterful "Matt Helm," just before the Rat Pack's most interesting member downed his last martini. Unfortunately, The Silencers aren't nearly as thrilling as their namesake. But this is not a waste of time, as they do manage to keep the listener's interest by adding some 90's flourishes to the staid surf-instro genre (i.e. a short bass solo). (Martini Lunch) - pants mulligan

SKREW Shadow of Doubt CD

Holy sheep shit...what we have here is a tasty little morsel of depravity and vile sickness that goes down like a spoonful of delicious, rusty nails. Texas was the fertile breeding ground for Skrew, who have added Overkill guitarist Bobby Gustafson to their nasty ranks, and these cowboys of the apocalypse return with an awesome follow-up to their Dusted record. Skrew frontman Adam Grossman says, "What you hear on the record is real life, as sick as it may seem," and who the heck are you to question it, huh? This is a great piece of burning, industrio-rock that would fit right in as a backdrop for your alcohol-induced nightmares. Anyway, you'd do well to cast your line in these polluted, toxic waters...who knows what you might catch? (Metal Blade) - d. wood

SLAUNCHWISE "6" CS

Lo-fi recording, pretty much hardcore punk. I liked it. It's got some cool Satanic references, but I couldn't really understand the lyrics that well. Definitely, you should check into it 'cause it's hardcore. ($5.00 ppd. c/o Worm Gear) - collin d.

SLEEPERS The Less An Object CD

The Less An Object is a retrospective of the seminal San Francisco punk rock band the Sleepers, whose brief life span lasted from 1977 to 1981. The music is pretty much what you would expect from a band from that era, somewhat "arty" and hardly "punk" by today's standards, yet when placed into the context of the times it was radically different music. Comparisons to bands like Television or Tuxedomoon would not be that far off the mark. The lyrics are simple but have an urgency that is hard to ignore. As a history lesson this CD (and the bio by V. Vale, Editor of *Search & Destroy* and *Re/Search*) is a fascinating look into the past. For you trivia buffs, the Sleepers' singer, Ricky Williams, was the former drummer for Crime. He also tried, briefly, to become the lead singer in Flipper. Drummer Tim Mooney later joined the Toiling Midgets and the American Music Club. Guitar player Michael Belfer continues recording in bands like Torcher and Submarine. A band that was out-of-step, ahead of its time and definitely unique. (Tim/Kerr) norman zebrowski

SLEEPYHEAD Communist Love Songs CD

It would be too easy to dismiss this as well-crafted pop songs. Things really do jump out at you. Yeah, sometimes it gets cute with the bubblegum biz. It's much more coarse than that. This hard working NYC trio have hooks that the West Coast version of this type of stuff would gladly sell their first born for. Sharp guitar work and nice harmonies. These cats would've fit the Cheap Trick/Sweet/Runaways bill back in the late '70s. I know there are a few of you out there that would gladly tattoo Sleepyhead's name on your heart. (Homestead) - bryan ramirez

SLOT Rule of 45 CD EP

Critical raves are something that the Slot band have never experienced a shortage of, their lush sonic denseness is undeniable to anyone who's encountered it, live or otherwise. So this new four song tease strikes me right between the glossies, rippling through the sweet pungent air like a mushroom cloud in a technicolor dream. Eddie, Sue and Billy have been building towards this for about five years now and the scary thing is, I think these four songs are only a taste of what's to come. A full-length project must be in the works (I hope) and when that day comes, hoo boy lemme tell ya.' Buy it, ingest it and lay back...we'll see you in a few months. (Third Gear) d. wood

SOCIAL UNREST New Lows CD

Another group of old-timers together again. It's hard not to be cynical about yet another band reforming or "ending" a prolonged "hiatus." Be that as it may, New Lows is, in my opinion, better than any of Social Unrest's previous body of work. The music here is straight forward p-rock with an early 80's hardcore tinge but, all-in-all, it's quality punk rock-n-roll. The production, by Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong, is crisp an' clean, the tunes are well-written and the attitude is earnest. One can tell that Social Unrest has "grown" because there is a definite maturity that pervades the entire package. Standouts on New Lows are "Wolf Hole," "Flood" and a cover of Queen's "Sheer Heart Attack." It's good to see that these oldsters can still "whip it out." (New Red Archives) - norman zebrowski

SOLID FROG My God CD EP

Entirely stunning new release from Solid Frog, following their full-length Supercoat for the same Detroit area label. You get a tasty four song sample of what this band is capable of, which, if you didn't know, is lush, ringing harmonic rock. The title track totally blew me away the first time I heard it. "My God" is the kind of song that you can't get out of your head, and when ya' think about it...why would you want to? Produced by Tim Patalan, who is quickly becoming one of metro Detroit's finest producers (he's already done stuff for Sponge and Hoarse), has a command of the studio that will probably make him wealthy one day soon. Buy this and be well. (Overture) - d. wood

SOULS AT ZERO A Taste for the Perverse CD

Saw this band a year ago and liked their overall shtick, but this disc is so overtly "Helmet" that it's damned near impossible to ignore. There are some fine moments, including some nifty, heavy staccato-crunch guitars and the usual dark, depressing lyrics (wouldn't it be fun to hear a band like this singing about sunshine and puppies?), but after many listens, I still couldn't get past the Anglo-Helmet-ness contained within. (Energy) - d. wood

SPINANES Strand CD

Each time I hear the Spinanes I'm always amazed that they get such a great sound from, what is basically, Scott Plouf playing drums and Rebecca Gates on guitar and vocals. Their musical vision has got to be the envy of wannabe popsters everywhere, with their breathy vocals, smart lyrics and stripped down instrumentation. Their new release, Strand, is no different. The songs are a little bit more haunting than their first release, but just as catchy. Strand should be one of the biggest underground hits of the year. I'll be amazed if they aren't signed to a major label by this time next year. Buy it before some major label tries to harness their sound. (Sub Pop) - willy wilson

SPLENDORA In The Grass CD

Janet and Tricia Wygal (yes, the same fine folks who brought you the Wygals) have created a new band, Splendora. Splendor in the grass, I get it... Using many of their early pop ideas, Splendora adds extra layers of sound adding cello, violin and flute over a more traditional guitar mash to create a frothy melody. A few songs like "Pollyanna" and "Reanimator" remind me of the Pixies, when Kim Deal was allowed to sing. Song titles seem to be the spring board for the lyrical content, as if someone throws them a word and then construct the song around it. She's off her "Rocker." Everyone wants to kiss "Bee Stung Lips." It's not hard to hurt you, in fact it's a "Breeze." "We don't hate you because you are beautiful..." we hate for other reasons is the message behind the catchy "Beautiful." The string-rubbing fiddle in "Reanimator" adds a bit of tension to a great song. Ditto the squeaky feedback on "Cover The River." (Koch International) - allen salyer

SPLITH Maximum Pity 7"

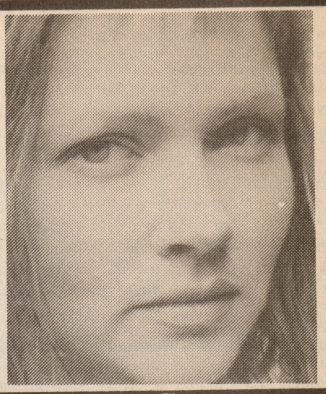
Produced by Dale Crover (Melvins) and Splith, and it's pretty good. It's a two-song 7", it's in that drudgery Melvins-type sound, but isn't like the Melvins at all, 'cause the Melvins got their own (sound). I like it, it's cool, it's pretty fuckin' rockin'. (Urban Warfare) - collin d.

STANLEY s/t 7"

I tried listening to this 8 (?!?) times to find a few redeeming qualities. There are none. The theme from "Kids In The Hall" mixed with a very poor Eddie Vedder (Das Wunderkind) fronting. Avoid this, I did. For two months this fucker stared at me in the "Nobody Wants" pile at ETCH Central. Now I know why. 100% crap. (Another Planet) - pants mulligan

STAR PERIOD STAR / CHEER ACCIDENT 7"

Side A (Star Period Star) is pretty much a trip into...it's kinda like Mr. Bungle but way different. No vocals at all, and crazy time signatures -- weird overdubs -- really cool. One of the few things I've listened to recently that made me go, "What the hell?" It made me feel good inside that people are actually trying to do good music out there, instead of some lame shit as usual. Thumbs up. Side B was Cheer Accident's "His Ass Was His Only Feature," which is like a collage of noise and chaos, done in a studio with overdubs and weird mixes, maybe even run through a computer, because it was crazy -- really good. Check out both. (Super 800) - collin d.



Mary Stuart

MARY STUART Scribble CD

Mary Stuart's sweet voice flows over folksy acoustic guitar like water. "I write my songs on the water and if the tide comes and washes them away, I won't hear them any more" is the essence of "Water." She sings a countrified version of "Ruby Tuesday," a funky folk/reggae tune in "Weaver" and the smoky lounge club number "That's All" to prove her versatility. "Picadilly Square" is a view of the hobo life, the homeless and battered women on the run. Getting rid of you is like removing a "Thorn In My Side." A very charming album. (Overture) - allen salyer

THE SUPERSUCKERS Sacrilicious CD

Wise guy dickheads I would have hated in high school... slick three-chorders from guys who think Satanism is real funny. Maybe it is... "Born With A Tail" is sheer genius, and some of the other songs rock solid if not smart, but there's some real clunkers here (mostly courtesy of Mr. Rick "Didjit" Simms, which is unlike him), so don't expect me to recommend this record -- not that you'd listen to me anyway. (Sub Pop) - fred beldin

SYNAESTHESIA Desideraturn Dbl. CD

Okay, here's another example of yours truly exploring heretofore unknown territory for himself and coming out surprised and satisfied. I won't pretend that I know anything about "trance" music, but after hearing Desideraturn I won't dismiss it out of hand. This double CD package contains wonderfully atmospheric, brooding, mellow electronic music perfect for kicking with the lights down low and relaxing. The excellent production, by Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber, allows the many textures of the music to flow smoothly out of the speakers, surrounding the listeners in sound. All of the music was written by one R. Deckard, who shows off his unique talent and vivid imagination with the 14 compositions presented here. Anyone as ignorant as I was (and still am) about trance, should pick this up, as it is an excellent starting point. (Hypnotic) - norman zebrowski

TAILGATORS It's A Hog Groove CD

Back in the '80s, ZZ Top loved these Austinites so much that they had custom-made gator guitars made for them. Soon after I picked up one of their late '80s releases and it sucked. Let's do a 180 here. This disc rages! A great mix of zydeco, tejano and good rockin' biz. Every tune is a party in itself. When the weather warms up, grab the grill, a keg and toss this CD on for a couple hours, and I swear the next morning's hangover will be worth it. (Upstart) - bryan ramirez

THOUGHT INDUSTRY Outer Space Is Just a Martini Away CD

When a band is recommended to me by Richard Bowser, I take that recommendation quite seriously. Such is the case with the latest from K-zoo's Thought Industry, a quirky, herky-jerky rollicking affair that is by no means a run-of-the-mill metal outing. In fact, that's the thing that makes Thought Industry stand out, and being the only group that has reminded me of Devo in a long while don't hurt neither. Superb musicianship and a keen ear for subterranean harmonics are traits that these fellas wear nonchalantly, the fact that they're from Kalamawho don't even bother me...really... (Metal Blade) d. wood

total harmonic distortion / t.h.d. Outside In CD

Here's a band that is right on top of the issues surrounding the cyber / techno age. t.h.d., which stands for total harmonic distortion, on Outside In, deal intelligently with technology, drugs and rituals, placing them in a hypnotic, cut and paste style of industrial and techno. The title cut spells out the future theme of a society that is dominated by consumerism and the reliance on technology. "Master Chemist," a song about manufactured drugs and how they play a part in enhancing life, contains several well placed and interesting samples. t.h.d.'s music isn't quite as chaotic as their moniker would suggest, rather, it's a dense mixture of electronic music with smart

samples and vocals that range from manipulated gargled effects to somber, dark incantations. t.h.d. also throw catchy New Wave-ish choruses and hip-hop elements into the mix. As a band that finds its home in unlikely Pennsylvania, t.h.d. put "Welcome to the Electronic Ghetto" on the back of their CD, and like a rude guest I want to stay too late and never leave. (Cleopatra) - mike pfeiffer

THE TRASHWOMEN Spend The Night With... CD
Three vivacious young ladies with modest talent, play trashy surf rock laden with enthusiasm and style. (Estrus) - pants mulligan

TVT$ Pepsi Generation X CD
Sounds like old Social Distortion at times (mostly the singer), but the TVT$ aren't in the idiot savant moron league of the great Mike Ness and crew. The TVT$ are sarcastic smart guys with way too many anthro-political concerns for their tender age. They need more songs about pussy and rockin'. There's a lot of clear thinking here though, and some clever insights tell me they're guys I could hang out with. Save the politics for talk radio, which is America's ONLY proper forum for debate on matters of state. (Flipside) - fred beldin

20 DEAD FLOWER CHILDREN s/t CD
I haven't fully decided whether I actually like this or not. It's definitely not all bad. Their influences do stick out pretty clear though. There's been a lot of times listening to it when I had those "this sounds like..." thoughts. The vocals are very Rollins-ish, but the music is sort of like a metal band with Nine Inch Nails or something mixed in (that may be a bad comparison, it's just the way it hit me). I think the whole thing is over-produced, personally, but really, I haven't seen them live, and I think that may make a difference. Despite my criticisms, I do think they have a ton of potential, and I am definitely willing to get out of my house and see them to get a better idea of it. (Overture) - mazzola

ULTRAVIOLENCE Psycho Drama CD
With Psycho Drama, Ultraviolence offer a totally unique listening experience. The music to the CD is like a soundtrack companion to the story within the CD's sleeve. The story, which centers around the theme of "I only wanted to be loved," is told in three parts. The first part is about Jessica, a girl whose life has hit a major low, her boyfriends' have treated her like dirt, drugs no longer offer an escape, and her pimp wants her dead. The second part centers around the Hitman that is hired to kill Jessica. It appears he is a misunderstood person that could only find fulfillment in killing people, until he sees Jessica and immediately falls in love with her. Instead of killing Jessica he kills her pimp, he and Jessica then flee to the only place that offers them an answer to their life's pain: suicide. The last part has the Hitman searching for Jessica in hell, while God is determined to keep them separated.

So, now you know the story, so what about the music? The music, is Johnny Violent playing aggressive industrial rhythms accompanied by spoken and sung lyrics by actors and actresses. Playing like a 21st century opera, Psycho Drama has elements of tragedy and comedy. But, it's more like a comic book opera, the Hitman is the gritty hero, and Jessica is the damsel in distress. There are repeated themes throughout Psycho Drama, and despite the overall depressing subjects, Johnny Violent manages to put in some positive outlooks. The ending is especially satisfying. (Earache) - mike pfeiffer

UNCLE CHUCK 1995 CD
I've seen this band live and liked 'em, now comes this nifty CD and it furthers the whole g-damn thing yet again. Congrats to Uncle Chuck for putting together a nice CD release, unlike a lot of other local bands who think they're doing the world a favor by putting together a shitty cassette tape with a Xerox cover and passing them around. Guitar heavy crunch, great vocals...my only complaint is that the drums sound just a touch thin. Otherwise what you got here is a fine starting point for a band who would do well to concentrate on playing some out-of-town shows. - d. wood

UNIVERSAL INDIANS s/t 7"
This band is becoming one of my favorite "live" bands in Lansing. Their dual guitar barrage create a sonic assault, along with subtle harmonic flourishes, that are very dynamic, to say the least. This 7" captures their sound, but like any caged animal, the full fury - the intensity - is muted by the restraints of the recording studio. Bryan, Gretchen and John are on the right track, and a band that deserve your attention and support. Crank this lil' doggie at max. volume for full effect. A cool piece o' plastic. (Uprising) - norman zebrowski

VIDA Vida CD
This is some pretty fuggin' good rock sloppy madness from Dez Cadena and George Hurley and Bill Bowman and Tom Troccoli, all of whom I'm sure you're familiar with. If you're not, than be off with you, for you see my unconventional conventionalists, this is just pure baked West Coast sun rock that is as appealing as it gets. And come to think of it, when stacked up against the recent offerings of Monsieur Ginn, this is looking better everyday. It comes complete with pretty cover art by Curt Kirkwood, and the overall effect is as cushy as a bowl of hummus. You know ... you're listening along...contemplating the relationship between Newt "The Newt" and GOPAC...and BOOM! There you go. (Blue Man From Uranus) - d. wood

VOLEBEATS Bittersweet CD
One of Detroit's most underrated bands, the Volebeats score again for one of Detroit's most underrated record labels. On loan from Safehouse, the Volebeats have given us six more reasons to enjoy music again. Pure, unpretentious country-flavored pop. Understated yet impressive, from the amazing rendition of Barry White's "I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little More, Baby" to the creamy smoothness of "Angel" and the emotion packed "Same Old You," Bittersweet is much too small a taste to satisfy yours truly. Like you I'll have to wait (as patiently as possible) for their full-length due out later in the year. In the meantime, this CD will be getting a lot of plays by me. Gentlemen, let me congratulate you for this gem. (Third Gear) - norman zebrowski

THE WAKE Christine (The Rosetta Stone Mix) CD
Well, you pretty much get what's advertised with this one. Seven songs remixed by the English Goth band Rosetta Stone. Of the seven, you get two versions of "Christine," "Watchtower" and "Masked." The seventh song, "Siren," is sort of a bonus. The song "Christine" is from a forthcoming long-player, so keep an eye out for it. I must admit, however, that it took a number of listens before I warmed up to this CD. Okay. (Cleopatra) - norman zebrowski

WALLEYE familiar, forgotten CD
Get out your hankies, this one's a tearjerker. Deep, brooding, self-loathing lyrics accompanied by erratic, tormented guitars in the Sunny Day Real Estate vein. Walleye has that "Louisville" sound comparable to Endpoint and Falling Forward, and is A Must For All you "Emo" fans. (Jade Tree) - r. alexander

THE WEDDING PRESENT Mini Plus CD
This is a comp of WP's pre-released singles from the '80s. These guys had the hearts of many (especially in the UK with never-ending chart toppers), but failed to score a slot in my '80s record collection. I feel that I didn't miss out much. Although the disc grabs an okay, not great, seal of approval with its simple growly pop. A strange inbred mix of a guitar-oriented New Order and Unrest comes to mind. Jesus, I'm having flashbacks. (Vinyl Cooking) - bryan ramirez

ROZZ WILLIAMS & GITANE DEMONE

Rozz Williams & Gitane Demone Dream Home Heartache CD
Mr. Williams and Ms. Demone are reunited on Dream Home Heartache. The two artists first worked together in Christian Death (starting with the Catastrophe Ballet LP) until circumstances caused them to part company. Dream Home Heartache is, in its own way, a 90's cabaret album. The music is sparse -- non-obtrusive really -- yet it retains it's pull. The album's title comes from the Roxy Music song "In Every Dream Home A Heartache," which they do an interesting version of. They also contribute a version of Jimi Hendrix's "Manic Depression." Ms. Demone's chanteuse stylings are the real highlights here (I could have done without Mr. Williams' pretentious spoken word pieces). This is a 3 o'clock in the morning, candle lit room CD. Very mellow and a somewhat disturbing, dark release. (Triple X) norman zebrowski

WITCHY POO Everybody Looks Good In A Helmet CD
An old lady with a fanatical obsession for a talking flute. Witchy Poo is Slim Moon's continuing saga, side project (?), noise outfit, with no stable members or sound. Negativeland must have secretly contributed to the first two tracks. The rest is good time rock-n-roll (not punk), making "Capricorn" stand out as the album's pride-n-joy. It sounds best when using the "shuffle" or "random" function on your CD player. (Kill Rock Stars) - shawn wernette

THE WRENS Seacaucaus CD
This is the second full-length from this NY group, although I haven't heard the first one, so I can't compare them. The Wrens manage to marry Flaming Lips-style noise guitar and two part vocal harmonies with a pop sensibility, producing something that allows them to work through 19 tracks without any two sounding a lot alike. There are some catchy pop tunes, some slow quiet ones, some slow noisy ones and everything else in between. They pull some off very well and some not so well. All in all, it's a decent disc, and they would be interesting to see live (I like to see bands harmonize on stage). The first record is also on Grass, *Silver*. (Grass) - m. payok

V/A Anon Dbl. CD
This compilation is a benefit for an AIDS Action Committee artist / musician fund. It is unique in that it pairs 30 artists and 30 bands, by housing 30 prints and two compact discs in a beautiful fold-out package. Although some bands may be familiar (Edsel, Cake Like, Lisa Germano), there is a lot of great listening to be had here with indie-pop stuff on the first disc, and the more adventurous stylings on the second. For those searching for new horizons, Anon is rewarding for both your ears and eyes. (Castle Von Buhler) - marty klotz

V/A The Beginning of the End Again CD
A veritable laundry list of Unclean bands. Includes good tracks by The Fuckemos, The Cherubs, N.O.T.A., The Inhalants, Crown Roast and The Dropouts. A healthy primer. (Unclean) - pants mulligan

V/A Bite Back: Live At The Crocodile Cafe CD
Every time in my life that I've gotten a compilation it just sat on the shelf after a listen or two. There's usually something on it that I know is good (which is why I'd have picked it up in the first place), and then there's a bunch of so-so, sometimes terrible, other crap. This is not the case here. This one got much play. I'm not going to go through and review every track, but let me say that the only one I don't like is the Mad Season track (which is probably the most "Seattle" as we, the rest of the country that doesn't live there, might know it). Most of the rest of it is very smooth homegrown bar band-ish. At least that's how I take it. The sound of the whole thing is very realistic; not over produced, but not cluttered with feedback and unpleasant "live" sounds. This one pretty much blew me away, and I haven't much more to say on it. The Presidents of the United States track rocks me (to my surprise), the Fastback's track gets me every time, and, of course, the Mudhoney track is just damn cool! But they're all good, so trust me, if you're looking for something raw, live, and with variety, you'll find it here. Plus it goes to benefit the Northwest AIDS Foundation and Planned Parenthood. - mazzola

V/A Brouhaha 7"
This comp. features pre-J Church bands and is a re-release of material that was very boring in 1990. Features printing by Punks With Presses (a very shoddy organization). This is just as unimpressive as it was in 1990. (Broken Rekids) - pants mulligan

V/A Bump Into Fate CD
The press release for this says it "stands up over any over-marketed band being shoved down America's throat by Alternative, Inc." Stands NEXT to would be better, because everything on this sounds "Alternative, Inc." There is not one band on here that couldn't pass for Better Than Ezra (or maybe "Worse Than Ezra"). These are all basic guitar bands who seem to think love songs and three-chord barnburners are something we just don't have enough of. I had to listen to this in short spurts to avoid illness. Perhaps I'm bitter, but I'm just fed up with this style. It's boring and cliché. My personal vision of Hell has Dada and Counting Crows as integral parts. Okay, so I am bitter, but that doesn't change the fact that this disc belongs in a Deep Blue Something, preferably a lake or toilet bowl. (Paint Chips) - m. payok

V/A Life The Movie CD
It's hard to cram a compilation review into a reasonable amount of space. This 1995 Michigan showcase (with a little map of Detroit Rock City on its cover) is even more difficult than most, because there's some outstanding local talent on it that deserves recognition (with only a few lapses). From Shessohuge to The All Night Fish Market (Jason McCauley Berry) somebody at Storm Records did some fine picking and choosing to come up with this line-up of Detroit (and outlying area) rock that swings between the inescapable sounds of rock-n-roll's roots and the noisy noisy 90's. 55FFER ("Project / injecter") and Daddy Stitch ("Hotel States") are the other two locals worthy of mention. Most of the tracks on here are taken from full-length albums by the bands. If you don't have this CD already, shame on you. (Storm) - norene cashen

V/A Lighting A Match Underwater CD
The concept, as far as local music compilations go, is mostly an incohesive mish-mash of groups unfocused on the mixing of music and bands. But the new Detroit Electric comp., Lighting A Match Underwater, breaks those rules. Local music guru, Matt Smith (Volebeats, Outrageous Cherry), along with friends, groups and record stores (Car City, Record Time, Repeat The Beat and Desirable Discs II -- who helped finance the project) has put together a cohesive mix of bands and music that covers a mix of what's happening in Detroit, without the lack of focus.

The music ranges from experimental (Michael Dec, Gravitar, Princess Dragon-Mom, Medusa Cyclone and Tasty Bush), to dreamy pop (Windy & Carl, Godzuki, The Dirt Eaters and Outrageous Cherry), to gritty garage punk (Astro Boy, Rocket 455, Mice Termite and the Demolition Doll Rods). There are even special appearances

by underground legends Nicodemus and Matchez. Lighting A Detroit music scene. Buy one and don't get burned. (Detroit Electric) - willy wilson

V/A Schauplatz Guitar CD

Funkrappiest Brothers From Another Planet provide track one, "Power" on this local compilation which showcases the talents and not-so-talents of 14 Detroit-area or otherwise label-affiliated musicians and bands. Many of the songs on this record, produced by Zahmbee's main man Jake Smith, fall short of impressive. Some of the worst, sounding similar to Rush-like karaoke and lounge singers, whose snifters stay empty. There are, however, a few exceptions. The Brothers stand strong with their little piece on media and culture; Culture Shock's "Funk You Feel" is a soulful and steamy seven and a half minutes of a Parliament throw-back and melodic throw-down (and lots of fun to listen to); OrGone Box, sounding (pleasantly) like fast-forward folk, give up a distinctive and promising strongchick vocals-meet-speedyguitars performance on "Day Angel," and, finally, the Motor Dolls slow down a bit for the thoughtful yet rockin' "Rise Della Now," and show their hot DMA-awardee stuff. (Zahmbee-Karlt) norene cashen

V/A Score Some Grass CD

First off, Grass gets big gold stars for giving bands like the almighty Brainiac and Liquor Bike, the latter of which I'm disappointed not to find on the sampler, their starts.

The Wrens - "Rest Your Head" + "I've Made Enough Friends" - The Wrens combine noisy guitar and two part vocal harmonies with standard love songs. It's interesting stuff, but nothing groundbreaking. Might be interesting to see live, though.

Omatic - "Slow Ass Cadillac" + "No Pinky, No Leather" - These two tracks are demos, but they still stand out as the best here. A cross between Helmet and Boss Hog. Killer.

Pollen - "Foliage" + "Toaster" - Alterna-rock love songs. I find this boring, but Sebadoh fans might like it. Look out for those Eddie Van Halen licks.

Half Hour To Go - "Theatre In The Round" + "Fishy" - Love songs again, but with a lot better music this time, something like the Cows. Match Underwater is a must own for any follower of the This really grew on me. Neat stop-time arrangements. Looking to hear a full-length from these guys.

Loomis - "Conquistador" + "Tanks Vs. Planes" - They sound like a noisier Pollen. Cool name, though.

A Ten O'clock Scholar - "Lando" + "Infant" - Slow and noisy, this band takes some getting used to, but if you're a fan of Geezer Lake or Love 666, it's right up your alley.

Wasted Time - "Graduation" + "Brown-Eyed Girl" - The first thing I thought of was Green Day. The bass lines, drum beats and chords all match. The second track, however, shows that Wasted Time has another side. Any band cool enough to throw a few "Oi's" into a Van Morrison cover can't be all bad. (Grass) - m. payok

V/A Shit Gets Smashed LP

10 band, 18 song comp. from the San Francisco Bay area, this LP is a p-rock punch to the head. Various styles of punk by the bands, make this comp. a keeper, i.e. all of the bands sound different, play different styles, etc. Every band on here can crank it out big time. I especially dug Hot Rod Shopping Cart's "Speed." This LP's a keeper, an' East Bay Menace will be a label to keep an eye on, especially if they're gonna keep crankin' out this kind o' aggro. Way cool! (East Bay Menace) - norman zebrowski

V/A *This Is Boston Not LA* CD

A reissue of a classic hardcore record. I remember snaggin' this pup almost 14 years ago, back in my "boots-n-bristles" phase. Like Touch & Go's Process of Elimination EP and Dischord's Flex Your Head, This Is Boston Not LA showed the rest of the country, rather dramatically, that there was a vibrant, thriving underground music scene not sold on New Wave or the rest of the crap on the radio. People tend to forget just how radical bands like Boston's Jerry's Kids, The Proletariat, The F.U.'s and The Freeze were in those Reagan-scarred days. Kids with brush cuts, mohawks, spikes, leather and engineer boots were looked upon as a threat to all that was "good and decent" in this country. Knowing that there were other people and other bands that felt the same way you did was a comforting thought at a time when there were maybe only 150-200 punk rockers in Detroit (my experience anyway). Listening to this CD brings back many positive memories for me and it affirms for me that I made the right choice to those many years ago when I joined the "scene." It is decision that I'm glad I made. As a bonus, this CD includes the excellent (and long forgotten) Unsafe At Any Speed EP as well. (Wicked Disc) - norman zebrowski

V/A Trancemode Express 1.01: A Trance Tribute to Depeche Mode CD

This is the second trance tribute release from Cleopatra, and it's another gem. The first was a tribute to Kraftwerk, and while this CD isn't quite as good, it's still worth buying for both fans and non-fans of Depeche Mode. For fans of Depeche Mode, that were unwilling to try the trance/techno sound, this is a great way to hear what you've been missing. For non-fans of Depeche Mode, imagine taking away their nasally whining vocals and pretentious lyrics, leaving their synth-pop hooks intact. While Depeche Mode's music doesn't translate as well to trance as Kraftwerk's did, there are new elements added to their sound, making these songs more complex and textured than the original versions. The songs that work well are the 'Mode hits like Kirk's "Behind the Wheel" and Audio Science's "Strangelove." The 'Mode songs that don't work well are the obscure and lesser developed tunes like Delta Signal's "Oeercom" and Axis_01's "Pimpf." I'm already anxiously awaiting the second volume of Trancemode Express that is currently in the works. (Cleopatra) - mike pfeiffer

V/A Wired Injections: Industrial / Gothic / Eletro Wave / Compilation CD

The title pretty much says it all. 16 bands, all performing the aforementioned styles of music. This is Cleopatra's current crop of heavy hitters: Die Krupps, Psychic TV, Christian Death, Rosetta Stone and the Electric Hellfire Club, all doing what they do best. Stand out cuts include E.H.C.'s "Incubus" and Noise Box's "I Hate You (Remix)." A nicely diverse compilation. The only drawback is that all the music on this CD is available elsewhere. Aside from that, Wired Injections serves as a fine sampler for those of you interested in exploring the many sounds of Cleopatra. (Cleopatra) - norman zebrowski

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VIEW

Five Star Films for the Month **by EJ Hamacher**

Saint Prostitute

Mamma Roma **a film by Pier Palo Pasolini**

There is a contradiction that runs through the work of **Pier Palo Pasolini**, it is the desire of the intellectual to cease to be intellectual. The desire to return, through art, from the realm of the mind to the domain of the senses. The desire to address the minds of the lower classes, the great masses, through the theories of the intellectual elite. The tension created by **Pasolini's** attempts to embrace these is what charges his films with the intensity of purpose found in the work of any great artist.

It is in the poetic language of images that **Pasolini** tries to explore his conflict. For him, the image can bridge the gap usually existing between the simple masses and the complicated, though sympathetic, intellectual. The image can first be created with an attention to the details of reality; in look and language it will appeal and be understandable by many. Secondly, it can be infused with the power of the myth; as a symbol it does battle in the arena of ideology and theory. The genius of **Mamma Roma** lies in **Pasolini's** ability to make such a simple and enjoyable film while retaining his Marxist theoretical arguments and his belief in the mythology of the Catholic Church.

The shunned of society, especially the prostitutes and pimps, represent somewhat of an obsession for **Pasolini**. In this way he aligns himself with the great teachers of history, men like **Homer**, **Jesus Christ**, **Dante** and **Voltaire**, that spoke in myths and parables so as to reach the outcast, the uneducated and the poor. For **Pasolini**, the prostitutes and the community of pimps and criminals that they live in are the people most in need of understanding, the most reliant on the intellectual and the artist to reveal to them the hypocrisy and corruption of the ruling classes, the class they are usually told to admire and aspire to. He is convinced that the poor contain an inner piety that has been destroyed by their circumstances, a clear opponent to the ruling classes who are corrupt to the core. **Mamma Roma** epitomizes **Pasolini's** Marxist beliefs through its focus on this concealed world, the sense of community that is contained within it and saintliness of its inhabitants revealed through the tragedy of their unfolding lives. **Mamma Roma** is simultaneously drenched in acute visions of reality and grand strokes of symbolism. As an honest document of Italy's poor and struggling, the film's everydayness of language and setting reveal **Pasolini's** background in Neo-realism. It positions him as a film-maker in opposition to the stylization of Hollywood, its studios, its stars and, especially, its repression of conflict. For **Pasolini** and many film-makers of the time, the happy-ending in which all disturbances are resolved represented a deliberate denial of the reality of unresolved problems that plague real people's lives. The **Hollywood** style that dominated the world at that point might occasionally bring up disturbing social issues, but only to defuse their potency by re-establishing the prevailing attitudes and beliefs by the end of the film. Confronting this, the feeling of reality that energizes **Pasolini's** film comes not only from its visual components, but from the aimlessness and ambiguity that dominate its narrative development. The characters seem more alive through the seeming haphazardness with which they live their lives.

I say seemingly, because in another direction, **Mamma Roma** develops with a heavy symbolic structure, associating the passion of Mamma Roma and her son with the passion of sainthood, the suffering of **Christ**, and the descent of **Dante** into hell. To purify and absolve themselves, **Mamma Roma** and her son must both pass through the agony of the garden; they must endure while taking on, with inner courage, all the sins and short-comings of their community. But by relating **Mamma Roma's** story to religious myth **Pasolini** is not trying to make the struggles of a prostitute palatable for the bourgeoisie film audience; this would inevitably hide the class conflict between the two. In fact, **Mamma Roma's** attempts to overcome her class, to have a "better" life for her son, represent the largest failing point in her character. **Pasolini** deliberately retains his class consciousness and weaves it through the scenes of religious mythology. Working together, these two worlds, the social struggle and the personal struggle, combine to confront the characters head-on while they try to live their lives.

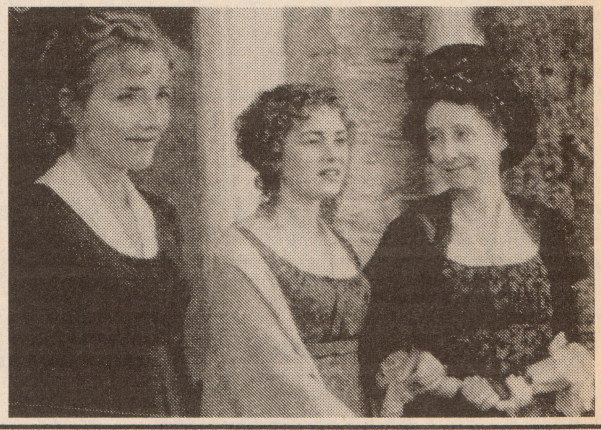
As a bourgeoisie intellectual usually dealing with life's problems in the abstract, **Pasolini** admires this day-to-day, hands-on struggle with existence. He admires the sense of community that arises from the lower classes as they endure these pressures together. **Pasolini** wants to renounce his class because of the alienation produced through its materialistic competition and forced conformity. To replace it, he desires a return to the vitality of the flesh, to lives lived with the hands and the body, to the acceptance of human nature and all its contradictions. **Mamma Roma** represents this contradiction by being both documented reality and symbolic myth at the same time. To accept it as a work of art, the viewer then must also accept **Pasolini** and his forever dueling nature; the thinker who loves the body, the intellectual who loves the uneducated, the bourgeoisie that loves the lower classes, the anarchist who is deeply devoted to the solidarity of mankind. **Mamma Roma** is a film that expresses this all-embracing love of human nature, the ultimate bundle of contradictions.

THE TEN BEST FILMS OF 1995 by D. Wood

10. The American President - (**Rob Reiner**) A thoroughly entertaining and thoughtful look at the office of the President with electrifying performances by **Michael Douglas** and **Annette Bening**. Certainly a huge comeback for **Reiner**, who last year, served up the monumentally awful **North**.

9. Nixon - (**Oliver Stone**) A huge, all-encompassing portrait of one of the most vilified Presidents in the history of the United States. Painting with broad strokes, **Stone** portrays **Nixon** with more compassion than one would have expected. Although a deeply flawed individual, **Sir Anthony Hopkins** as **Nixon** is downright sympathetic. **Hopkins** gives an incredible performance in this three-and-a-half hour opus, alongside **Joan Allen** who is brilliant as **Pat Nixon**. Last issue our fearless editor chastised **Stone** for making hoo ha with the truth, but I remind **Mr. Bates** that **Nixon** comes complete with a disclaimer that it is a *film*, and is meant as entertainment, not a historical document. In addition, the comparison between **Oliver Stone** and that corpulent, fascist, grease-sweating blowhard liar **Rush Limbaugh** was way, way off base and completely unfounded.

8. Apollo 13 - (**Ron Howard**) Amazing big budget winner from Mayberry's finest, with an ensemble cast of biggies like **Tom Hanks**, **Ed Harris**, **Clint Howard**, **Kevin Bacon**, **Bill Paxton** and **Kathleen Quinlan**. The amazing thing about this film, and a true testament to **Howard's** talent as a film-maker, is that even though we all know the eventual outcome of the **Apollo 13** flight, **Richie Cunningham** makes the story engrossing, fascinating and a real nail-biter. And I haven't mentioned the state of the art special effects that help to create the astronauts' claustrophobic environment in the cramped, tiny space capsule.



Emma Thompson, Kate Winslet and Gemma Jones
in *Sense and Sensibility*

7. Sense And Sensibility - (**Ang Lee**) Sweet poignant adaptation of the **Jane Austen** novel, one of three **Austen** novels adapted for the screen in 1995, the others being **Persuasion** and the very good **Alicia Silverstone** vehicle **Clueless**. **Emma Thompson**, **Alan Rickman**, **Kate Winslett** and **Hugh Grant** in a timeless story of two sisters who are quite different in their approach to romantic pursuits, but eventually learn from each other. Great, inspired performances from all involved especially **Thompson** and **Winslett** (who starred in last year's dazzling **Heavenly Creatures**). Director **Ang Lee's** finest work to date.

6. Exotica - (**Atom Egoyan**) Intelligent, thought-provoking film about gentlemen's clubs. Who are the regulars? What motivates them? Canadian director **Egoyan** hits a home run with this eerie, dark exercise. There was another film about strip clubs this year and it figures prominently on my "Worst of 1995" list, I'll bet you saw that one and missed **Exotica**...didn't you?

5. To Die For - (**Gus Van Sant**) The performance of **Nicole Kidman** in this terrific film is so dynamic and textured that any of the previous films she's done (with the exception of the little seen **Flirting**) were no clue as to what she is capable of as an actress. Her portrayal as the far-beyond-driven up-and-coming anchorperson, is so filled with manic intensity that one is left to wonder where it came from. Director **Gus Van Sant** also redeems himself in '95 after his disliked adaptation of **Even Cowgirls Get The Blues**. I still feel he may be one of the finest directors working in film today, although the backlash against him is in full swing.

4. Safe - (**Todd Haynes**) Another performance driven picture, this one featuring **Julianne Moore** as a suburban Los Angeles housewife who is literally attacked by her environment, developing severe reactions to the basic chemicals present in our daily lives.

It's called being "environmentally ill" and **Haynes** presents the material in his own distinctive directorial style, using long shots, never letting his curious audience get too close to the subject. Is she really sick? Is **Wrenwood** a cult? This is a truly creepy film that I had trouble getting out of my head long after I saw it. You'll want to see this one more than once.

3. Dead Man Walking - (**Tim Robbins**) Many of the year's best films seemed to come out at the end of 1995 and this sophomore effort from **Tim Robbins** is the best example. This is a rich, thought-provoking film that deals with the death penalty, but goes much deeper into the effects that a crime like murder can have on the families of the victims. No matter how you feel about the death penalty, you will be touched by the story of **Sister Helen Prejean** and her experiences with convicted murderer and rapist, **Matthew Poncelet**, portrayed masterfully by **Sean Penn** - one of the greatest American actors working. **Susan Sarandon** turns in another beautiful, soft-spoken performance as the nun who becomes a spiritual adviser to a character we think we couldn't possibly develop any empathy for. **Penn** literally loses himself in the role, greasy-hair, goatee, nazi tattoos and all. But much to **Penn** and **Robins'** credit, we do develop compassion for him. **Tim Robbins'** first film, **Bob Roberts**, was a wicked, wildly funny look at a presidential campaign, but his **Dead Man Walking** will go down in history as one of the most important films of the year, quite possibly of the decade.

2. Crumb - (**Terry Zwigoff**) An impressive documentary about legendary artist **Robert Crumb**, **Zwigoff** takes us painfully deep into **Crumb's** psychological make-up. We get to meet **Crumb's** brothers, who are more messed up than he is and his mother, who's no slouch in the psycho department either. How **Terry Zwigoff** got the crabby artist to open up to this extent is beyond me. In fact, after the film was completed, I was not happy with the personal tone of the film. I'm not surprised. You'll never have a chance to get closer to **Crumb** and his important artistry than you will in this enthralling documentary.

1. Leaving Las Vegas - (**Mike Figgis**) Based on the novel by **John O'Brien**, who subsequently committed suicide shortly after this film's completion, this is a gut wrenching, realistic look at emotional damage and how people deal with it. **Nicolas Cage** should (and did, ed.) win Best Actor for his portrayal of a suicidal alcoholic, and **Elisabeth Shue** should also be similarly rewarded (try again next year, ed.) for her incredibly honest giving performance as a prostitute with a heart as big as the desert itself. Director **Mike Figgis** has crafted a dark, but uplifting, story that you will not be able to forget. The best film of 1995.

RUNNERS UP

Each year it's difficult to stuff 10 titles onto this list, and this year was no exception. One film in particular eventually got squeezed off of the list, but should be considered one of the very best films of 1995 regardless, **Larry Clark's** shocking, scary portrait of today's youth culture, **Kids**, was a frightening kick in the stomach, and featured one of the more erotic on-screen kisses I've seen lately. **Richard Linklater's Beyond Sunrise** was a picture that went against conventional wisdom about young people being brain-dead. It was an intelligent, brightly written talk-fest that starred **Ethan Hawke** and **Julie Delpy**. **John Sayle's The Secret Of Roan Inish** was a delightful story of a fishing village, and a tall tale that fascinates a young girl who lives there. There was also a terrific documentary about fashion designer **Isaac Mizrahi** entitled **Unzipped**, that skewered the fashion industry more effectively than **Robert Altman's Pret-A Porter** did last year.

THE TEN WORST FILMS OF 1995

10. Man Of The House - **Chevy Chase** triumphs with his annual appearance on this list. This dreadful piece of malarkey stars the multi-talented **Chase**, **Farrah Fawcett**, **George Wendt** and **Jonathan Taylor-Thomas** (from the *very* boring television show **Home Improvement**). **Chevy** is such a talented guy, I always bust a gut when he hits himself in the head or falls down. What a hoot!!!

9. Judge Dredd - **Slyvester Stallone** represents everything that is wrong with **Hollywood**, every sleazy vile-bloated aspect that you can think of is represented in every film he makes. Over-budgeted, over-hyped films like **Judge Dredd** are one of the reasons that going to the movies can sometimes be a real pain in the ass. Just the thought of sitting in a theater, crowded full of **Sega**-damaged, inattentive youth watching a **Stallone** picture makes me shudder. Even **Saturday Night Live** graduate **Rob Schneider** can't come up with enough smart ass comments to save this bomb.

8. The Jerky Boys - What was funny on an audio tape, might not necessarily be so funny when transposed into a feature film. **Johnnie B.** and **Kamal** stumble through this stale story molded around their phone pranks. Amazingly, **Alan Arkin** has a starring role. He must have been in need of a paycheck.

7. Congo - Stupid, outrageous story featuring the worst **Tim Curry** performance I've ever seen. He attempts some sort of bizarre accent and doesn't come close. Check it out for a good laugh, and pay close attention to the ultra-realistic monkey suits. Wow.

6. Ace Ventura 2: When Nature Calls - Last year if you recall, **Ace Ventura** won the coveted **Poopie Award** from **ETCH** for "Worst Film." Well, this year the sequel earns a place on the list, although not the worst film of the year, its spot on the list of contenders is well earned.

5. Tank Girl - **Laurie Petty** wins the most obnoxious performance of the year award for work in this consistently flatulent waste of film stock. Her acting is so bad throughout the film's entire running time, that it's stunning. Not to be forgotten is **Malcom McDowell** who plays the bad guy, while exerting very little of his precious acting talents. This movie is completely unwatchable.

4. Jade - Director **William Friedkin** was one of this country's best film directors in the '70s, but his track record the few years has been horrible. This vile piece of work stars **David Caruso**, **Linda Fiorentino** and **Chazz Palminteri**. Each of the actors is left to fend for themselves, obviously in dire need of some direction. The question remains, was **Mr. Friedkin** on the set while this picture was being shot?

3. Waterworld - I've heard more than a few folks mention that **Waterworld** isn't as bad as everyone says. I'm not one of those people. Costing more to make than any film in history, the size and scope of this turkey is hard to fathom. What a laugh, did the filmmakers think there would be any real interest in this story? Did the producers worry as the price soared past the 100 million dollar mark? Did **Kevin Costner** get an air-conditioned trailer, a dozen personal assistants and a salt-free deli tray delivered to his dressing room everyday as the shooting schedule dragged on and on? The answer to all these questions is right there on the screen. By the way, if the whole planet was covered with water, where the hell did they grow the tobacco for all those cigarettes?

2. Showgirls Truly awful, reprehensible piece of schlock from **Joe Esterhaus**, who gets paid millions and millions of dollars for staying up all night on cocaine and writing dreck like this. I don't object to this film because of the sexual content, I generally like lot's of strong sexual content, I object to it because it's a rotten movie. **Elizabeth Berkely**, from **NBC's Saved By The Bell**, plays the title role as **Nomi**, a poor girl trying to make it in the hard world of **Vegas** showgirls. Her performance in this film is so absolutely awful, so mis-directed and off the mark, that she wins the **Poopie Award** for "Worst Actress" hands down. Please, if you want too see a film that deals with this subject in an intelligent way, see **Atom Egoyan's Exotica**.

1. Jury Duty Not a big surprise here, considering **Pauly Shore's** track record, but this **Pauly** is indeed the worst he's foisted on us so far. The film was originally reviewed in **ETCH** (see **Vol. 1 - No. 3**, ed.), so I won't waste any more space on this gigantic piece of guano. So sad that this was the first major film **Shelly Winters** has done in a while, she should have stayed away from this one and stuck with her zany appearances on TV's **Roseanne**. Far and away the WORST film I saw in 1995, 90+ minutes gone from my life...forever. **--D. Wood**.

TRIP

STUCK IN LUDINGTON. FULL OF ANGST

or

Ludington: Alternative Vacation Spot for Alternative College Students by travelogue correspondent **Bat Guano**

Part II

Guano: Here we are, in a bar . . . our quest has been cut short. We don't know what the future holds. We're drinking and it's 3:30 in the afternoon -

H.: 3:45.

Guano: 3:45 in the afternoon - still quite early to begin drinking, but -

H.: - under the circumstances -

Guano: Under the circumstances we have nothing left to do; we have taken in the sights of Ludington, we have bought numerous pieces, trinkets, items of pop culture-

H.: (barks)

Guano: - the dog skull (we found that) - and books on Communism, **John Travolta** -

H.: - and booze.

Guano: - and booze.

H.: (laughs unsteadily) We're living fast in Ludington.

Guano: And we spent the last half hour sitting in a hair salon.

H.: (changes to old man's voice) Soak it up - that's what I say - soak it up! Mop up all the gravy in life!

Guano: (groans)

And so goes the transcription of the tape recorded at the Crow's Nest, one of the many, many bars which can be found in Ludington. As my recorded voice said, we had just come from a hair salon, where **M.** was frantically trying to call someone who would help. His car had a small problem that the local mechanics would fix just as soon as the weekend was over.

We were in one of the difficult positions of life. We were sitting in a hair salon waiting room, in antique hooded hair-drying chairs, thoroughly enjoying the absurdities of the situation, while a friend was going through convulsions of frustration and panic. We would notice, feel guilty, then start snickering once more.

There was only one thing we could do: get out of **M.**'s sight while he worked things out.

H., **D.**, and I also needed a place where we could figure the situation out, preferably over one or eight pitchers of beer.

After all, we didn't have to worry about driving anywhere.

Memory of our time spent at the Crow's Nest is hazy. Visions of flannel-clad, daytime-drinkin', hairy-headed workin' men; a few dry looking women; TV above the bar playing **Night of the Living Dead**; little **Swisher Sweet** cigarillos, a buck-fifty at the bar (**Barmaid**: *"You gonna stink up the place with those?"*); jukebox with country, dirt-assed klassik rock, a few miscellaneous top-40 hits; pitchers of soapsud **Bud**.

M. arrived after our third pitcher. He still had that desperate, half-insane look in his eyes, with a tense grin not grown from anything joyful. He was spouting random obscenities. He had no good news. We gave him beer. He slammed one down, went to the pay phone in back.

We had been stuffing quarters into the jukebox, playing our "soundtrack" as **D.** called tunes by the half-dozen bands which kept popping up in the background during our journey. We played "Smells Like Teen Spirit" over and over in memory of our comrade **K.** It didn't look like we'd be seeing him that weekend.

D.: **M.**, what's the latest word on -

M.: F--- you!

D.: Dude! We've just discovered the whole soundtrack. We've got **Guns 'N' Roses** comin' up, we've got **Ted Nugent** comin' up, we got **Aaron Neville** comin' up -

M.: (sounds of strangled exasperation)

D.: Wait, wait, who're you calling right now?

M.: I'm not calling anybody - I'm calling Jesus right now.

D. kept manhandling my micro-cassette recorder, sticking it in our faces, asking us to repeat things we had already said, gathering relevant and non-relevant information.

D.: Why shouldn't we be having so much fun, **H.**?

H.: 'Cause at this point, **M.**'s life sucks the bone . . . so we shouldn't be having this much fun - but it's too bad 'cause we are.

D.: (sings nonsense) Yeah . . . but wait. We were going to go over to kereoke to the jukebox, but what would happen?

H.: Somebody'd come up and say, *"Hey, who's singin' there, the jukebox or you?"* and then they'd shoot one of us. And I don't have the feeling they'd want to shoot the jukebox.

D.: (sings) Baby, yeah . . .

Meanwhile, I was observing the native dirt-assed rat life at the bar. Two blond-headed girls, around ten or eleven, skipped in.

"Where's Buzz?" they asked the barmaid.

A woman with the same straight blond hair, but more worn and dry, waved from the end of the bar. The girls skipped to her- *"Mom, mom, when are you coming home?"* - everyone could hear, but they all took it as everyday, commonplace. **Buzz** said something quietly to her girls, they skipped out.

Daytime scenes heavy with pathos are common in small-town bars. We all had the feeling we had seen it before. We had all originated from small Michigan towns; scrape away our college-educated hip and ironic outer selves, you'll find a core which could find comfort in old **Zeppelin** tunes playing in a pickup truck headed to the corner **Stop 'n' Rob** for a six-pack of **Bud** on a warm summer night in a simple world, no thought necessary, hand-to-mouth life in a trailer-park, surprisingly comfortable . . .

Then that shock of fear just before the fall.

D.: (imitating **Agent Cooper** from **Twin Peaks**) **Diane**, we were not meant to leave Ludington.

M.: We can never, ever, leave Ludington.

D.: The circle has been completed. It's like that **Twilight Zone** with **William Shatner** and that lady, and they go round and round and you hear that little girl laughing - (unidentified high-pitched laughter)

H.: I say we're gonna get jobs and an apartment tomorrow. We'll all live together. It'll be fun!

At this point the tape turns into a case study. Four subjects, over-educated, in a hick bar - add alcohol at a constant rate.

D.: Once we walk out of this place, everything'll be normal again, you know?

Guano: (slurring) What?

D.: I said, once we walk out of this place, everything'll be normal again.

Guano: (obviously drunk) Everything is normal.

D.: Bullsh--.

Guano: (almost unintelligible) Buuuuullllllssshhhh---!

As rate of alcohol continues, the philosophical aspects of conversation between the subjects increase proportional to the amount of consumption.

Guano: (slurring heavily) I feel like I'm in a **Charles Bukowski** story. Don't you feel like you're in a **Charles Bukowski** story, **D.**?

D.: (also slurring) I'll tell you what, **Bat** - I've noticed one thing between the rich and the poor doesn't matter (unintelligible) same human bullsh-- all over man same cat glances same back-stabbing bullsh--. Isssall a quest for power man.

Guano: (pause) I couldn't hear a word you said, **D.**

I think at this point **D.** and I were talking about pool. We had played a few rounds earlier on the bar's single table, but we had to quit after becoming uncoordinated, confusing the eight ball for the cue ball, hitting balls with just the wrong bit of angle and force so as to cause them to fly off the table towards large flannel-clad bar patrons.

But at this point in the tape, *"BUZZ"* was written in jagged capitals on the chalkboard by the table. She and a male friend were playing game after game. This was the action we were watching and getting philosophical over. Then again, **D.** might have been talking about the jukebox.

Guano: Yeah, it's all the same bullsh--.

D.: Instead of cooperation it's competition.

Guano: Cooperation, competition - sometimes they cooperate to compete, sometimes we compete to cooperate.

D.: It could be a cooperative competition but instead it's a competitive competition.

Guano: What's more they gotta pay twenty-five cents to do it.

D.: Huh?

Guano: (repeats statement)

D.: Twenty-five cents to get your two songs on the jukebox for the soundtrack.

Guano: Yeah.

H.: Hello, and welcome to the Night of the Living Freaks.

Again, hazy memories: **M.** agitated, striding back and forth from table to pay phone; evening approaching, along with drunken hunger, we need food, a restaurant which serves beer, preferably; we group around pay phone, make one last call to **K.** at **WBNZ**; **H.** on phone to **K.**, **H.** giving us the aside, *"K. is pissed. We blew his plans for the evening."*

We said good-by to the **Crow's Nest**, staggered into the Ludington evening. We went into one restaurant packed with dinner-time families with more waiting for tables. **D.** told the hostess *"Table for four for the Ka-zoo crew."* We didn't wait long before fleeing in fear and paranoia-those eyes again, staring.

We found a place called **Bobby G.'s**, which we convinced ourselves was a code for **BEE GEE'S**. **GUNS 'N' ROSES'** "Paradise City" was playing on the jukebox, **D.** kept saying *"Circle within a circle, circle within a circle."* We ordered a pitcher along with fried batter and animal parts.

Phonemaster M. was a bit more cheerfully demonic - he had a plan of escape and had made all necessary contacts. A friend with a tow truck would nab the car and two of us, his mom and dad would come and rescue the other two. All we had to do was wait two, three, maybe four hours.

We left **Bobby G.'s** to join the white-hot excitement of Ludington's night-life. First to a convenience store to replenish our ravaged systems with non-alcoholic fluids, then to a bowling alley. We knew bowling would be beyond our still-skewed dexterity, so we played the video games. **Pac Man**, **Space Invaders**, an early prototype of electronic football where X's and O's are maneuvered by balls set into the machine - a truly Ludington-affected arcade.

We ended up at a corner on Ludington's main drag, alternately giddy, fatigued and desperate . . . but you knew that.

D.: Here I am, standing tall, baby be my wreckin' ball.

H.: (laughing fit)

Guano: Lost . . . .

D.: (singing **GUNS 'N' ROSES'** *"Welcome to my Jungle"*) Welcome to my bunghole!. . . I can't believe we got here and we was here the whole f---ing day-Jesus!

H.: Are you saying it's not nice?

D.: I don't know what it is, man -

M.: We've been here for nine and a half hours now -

D.: I think we ought to go back -

M.: I think you ought to go back to Mars.

D.: (singing "*When You Wish Upon a Star*," sounding like **Edith Bunker**)

The cruising teens kept passing us, the same cars, sometimes slowing down to stare at the babbling freaks sitting on the sidewalk. A cop car began to do the same thing.

Fresh-face youngsters with their dates had to step around us as they walked to the downtown theater. I felt like grabbing their ankles and shouting, *"Ya got two futures-you can be the barflies at the **Crow's Nest** or you can be us! What's it gonna be kids?"*

At around 9:00 p.m., our saviors arrived, **M.**'s parents in their **Bronco** and his friend with the tow truck not far behind. With a mother's cutting instinct **M.**'s mom asked, *"So how long were you at the bar?"*

D. and **M.** went with the tow truck, and **H.** and I went with the **Bronco**. On the highway south we borrowed **M.**'s parents' cellular phone to call **K.** with an update.

"No, we're not gonna make it to Frankfort . . . we're going back home . . . we had a great time, you should've been here . . . we got you presents . . . you'll have to hear the tape . . . ." On the other side, distant muttering, drowned out by highway wind.

So you see, it doesn't take much for today's college student to have an alternative adventure, an exciting and educational road trip right here in the heart of America.

READ

ANNEXX No. Six

From the fiery sands of San Antonio, Texas comes ***Annexx***, an independent punk newsprint rag with a lot of attitude and not much else. First of all, this magazine appears to be a showcase for **Fat Wreck Chords** bands. I count three out of four. Coincidence or bias? You be the judge. Another annoying characteristic of this magazine is the lack of intelligent interviewing skills. I shouldn't have to suffer through questions like, "How often do you brush your teeth..." or "...*would you rather swim the snot river or eat the bugger* (sic) *pie*..." Nobody really cares about that kind of crap, and ***Annexx*** shouldn't waste the ink reporting it. ***Annexx'*** **s** only saving grace was an excellent record reviewing section written by co-editor, **Wendy Saha Elliot**. I counted over 130 concise, knowledgeable reviews that included everything from the most obscure garage shakers to indie bands on the brink of signing. This woman definitely deserves some credit and the magazine she works for needs to put her skills to use on a wider scale. If I haven't drawn a lousy enough picture or if you are interested in what **Wendy** has to say about some records, feel free to drop ***Annexx*** a line. **Eric Sikkema.**

(***Annexx*** PO Box 18475, San Antonio, TX 78218-0475)

LUNCH Vol. 1 - No. 2

Lunch is another Southwestern indie rag that wandered across my coffee table this week. This black and white small scale compilation of poetry, comics, art, humor, and political spiel is indeed the kind of noontime snack everyone needs. Most of the poetry is good, the rest is at least above average. The comics, a la local GR artist, **Jeff Vandenberg**, provide plenty of laughs. The art is, I'm sure, excellent in it's original form, but ***Lunch*** could really use a new scanner. And finally, the politics are current and informative without preaching the usual politically correct garbage. For a second issue, editors **Jason Jonkers** and **Tony Quiroz** have put together a magazine with something for everyone. **Eric Sikkema.**

(***Lunch*** 112 S. Mckemy #1 Tempe, AZ 85281)

Mutant Renegade No. 6 ($1/ppd.) 40 pp.

Grog an' Co. have cranked out another gem. This is the pro-animal issue, with interviews of **Ingrid Newkirk** (Co-founder of **P.E.T.A. - People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals**) and **Royse** (president of **P/AN - People / Animals Network**) plus oodles of info on veganism, animal rights, research facts, etc. There are also music and 'zine reviews, editorials, rants, poetry -- why just about everything you could want in a 'zine! Lots o' reading with this one. If you want a 'zine that is intelligent and irreverent, then ***Mutant Renegade*** is right up your alley, dig? **Norman Zebrowski**.

(***Mutant Renegade*** PO Box 3445 Dayton, OH 45401)

Psychoholics Unanimous September 1995

The most interesting thing about this mag. is trying to figure out just what editor **Joni Lee** is trying to accomplish. There is an extensive section on drive-in theaters and an even more extensive listing of B-Movie show times a la ***TV Guide***. We find a few magazine reviews, a few movie reviews, and a healthy dose of retro clip-art, but no real point. The layout is confusing and the writing is only slightly above average, but I feel this is definitely a fanzine that deserves a place in my bathroom reading material list. **Eric Sikkema**.

(***Psychoholics Unanimous*** c/o **Joni Lee Publishing, Inc**. 309 Quimby NE Grand Rapids, MI 49505)

SCREED No. 3 free ($1/ppd.) 14pp.

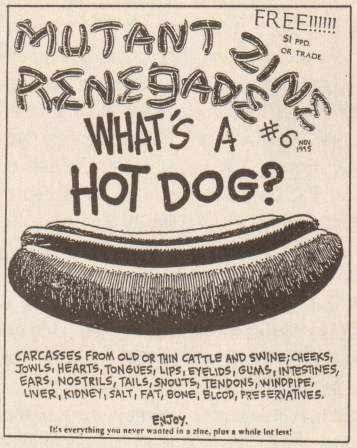
Cincinnati Music Zine (it says so on the cover) with tons on the local scene (**Anachronauts**, **Ass Ponys**, **Borgia Popes**, **Jayne Sachs**, et al.) There's a nifty ***Born Again Clifton*** cartoon, a local band CD / vinyl / tape review section entitled "Noisy Neighbors," a 'zine review section (including a review of this here fish wrap), two recipes ("Beefy Southwest Black Bean Soup," "Banana Carrot Bread") and a local radio guide, plus a plethora of ads from Cinci-area businesses. If you want to find out the haps in the birth place of 5-way chili, ***Screed***'s the place to start. **Norman Zebrowski**.

(***Screed*** c/o **Terry Burke** 3100 Markbreit Ave. #2 Cincinnati, OH 45209-1706)

SPARE CHANGE ZINE donation 55pp.

Hot-headed, nothing to do punks from Miami of all places (although **Tom Foote** is a townie). ***Spare Change*** is an easy read for the porn/heroin/Satanism crowd. You'll like it, too, for classic cut and paste style, pointless interviews with Southern hard-core acts the **SHAFFERS** and the **STUN GUNS**, plus the only skin mag reviews in the business. There's more to Florida than retirement homes and illegal immigrants. **Fred Beldin.**

(***Spare Change Zine*** c/o **Tom Foote** 300 South Grade Drive Dalton, GA 30721)



NEWS

First off, we would like to extend our condolences to the friends and family of **Steve Krass**, lead singer of the infamous **Fiesty Cadavers**, who was murdered in January outside of **Harpo's**. We did not know him personally, but it's safe to assume that he will be greatly missed....**Cleopatra Records** sadly reported that **Shane Lassen** (aka **The Reverend Dr. Luv**) passed away from injuries sustained in a fatal car accident in January. **Shane** was a founding member, co-writer and keyboardist for the electronic rock band **The Electric Hellfire Club**. **Shane** and the band had recently completed an extensive national U.S. tour, performing dates with **Type O Negative** and **Genitorturers** in addition to headlining across the country (including their controversial show at the **Small Planet** in East Lansing). The band performed before a standing room only, sold-out audience at the **Roseland Ballroom** in New York City on Halloween in support of **Type O Negative**. **Shane** had recorded and co-written material on two full-length albums and two EP's with the band. His contributions gained the respect of critics including ***Keyboard Magazine***, who compared his psychedelic and artistic stylings to those of **Ray Manzarek** of **The Doors**....After more than two years, **Type O Negative** and **Roadrunner Records** are celebrating the gold certification of the band's third album, **Bloody Kisses**. This award is a first for both the band and the label...New York natives **Dog Eat Dog** won the "1995 Breakthrough Artist of the Year" at the European **MTV** Music Awards...From **Century Media** we hear that Sweden's **GRAVE** are poised to release their fourth studio album, **Hating Life**....**C.M.** will release a sampler CD entitled, **Identity II** on April 23 for the extremely modest price of $2.98. 18 bands are on this disc, and **C.M.** says that **Identity** CD's will be a regular installment....**C.M.** has signed the Florida-based quartet **Paingod**, who were previously named **Raped Ape**. The band is finished recording their self-titled debut album, which is tentatively slated for an August 6th release...**Century Media** is also sorry to report that **Vinnie Daze**, the former drummer for **Demolition Hammer**, was found dead in his home. No confirmation of the cause of death has been made, but several months ago **Daze** made a trip to the Orient, at which time he became extremely ill from a virus and has since reported having recurring stomach problems since that time. **Daze** appeared on the albums **Tortured Existence** and **Epidemic Of Violence** before splitting from the band along with guitarist **James Reilly**...**Earth Crisis**, **Snapcase** and **Strife** are all doing special shows together in Hollywood at the **Whiskey** on April 12th and in Corona at the **Showcase Theatre** on the 13th...After these shows, **Strife** will be going to Japan for the first time. A few months earlier, labelmates **Warzone** played there...**Snapcase** will be going to Europe in May, but will be doing shows in the East before then...**Deadguy**, **Bloodlet** and **Century Media's 454 Big Block** will be doing a HUGE tour together starting in mid-April. No Michigan dates have been announced yet, so be on the lookout...**Victory Records** (Chicago) have licensed the **Doughnuts'** first album, **Equalize Nature**, from **Desperate Flight Records** in Sweden. It's out now, and their new album, **Watch Me Bleed**, will be released at the end of May. They will be returning to the U.S. to tour...A few inquiries have been made as to the "religious persuasion" of **Integrity** since their latest album, **Humanity is the Devil**, was released. While the album's concept is a theory of an alliance between good and evil, the band stresses they are not Satanic...**Cause For Alarm** are leaving in mid-April for a tour of Europe. Look for new material from them this fall...**Hifi and the Roadburners** will be releasing a new 7-inch sometime this summer...The **Galactic Cowboys** returned from Europe in March, only to start a U.S. club tour on March 29th..**Sacred Reich's** song, "Ask Ed," was voted the "#1 Best Pot Song of the Year" by ***High Times Magazine***. The band began a U.S. tour on April 1st, with a new drummer, **Chuck Fitzgerald**, who is replacing **Dave McClain** who's joined Oakland, CA's **Machine Head**...A **Six Feet Under/Immolation** show in Denver was shut down early due to over-zealous security and a timid local law enforcement that mistook the intent of a little stage-diving and pit action...**Cannibal Corpse** heads to Europe in April, bringing with them the likes of **Immolation**, **Impaled Nazarene**, **Grave**, **Vader** and **Dark Tranquility** as supporting acts. This summer will bring the band back to the states for their first U.S. tour with new vocalist **George "Corpsegrinder" Fisher**...**RED Distribution** held a party in Chicago on February 29th deemed "One Giant Leap." The intent of the gathering was to showcase **RED's** more diverse bands, and none other than Kalamazoo's **Thought Industry** headlined. Following their set, the guys from **Fear Factory** (who were in town supporting **Ozzy**) asked to borrow **Thought Industry's** equipment and graced the crowd with a song...**Immolation** has a new member. **Alex Hernandez** has replaced **Craig Smilowski** on the skins...

The State of Detroit Radio, Pt. II

by **Allen Salyer**

As most people may know by now, Detroit's "Wheels," **WLLZ**, has gone flat. No more will **WLLZ**, whose acronym was affectionately known as "**We Love Led Zeppelin**," be rockin' your world. They lay claim to a new format, what they call "smo-o-o-o-oth jazz." Also, there is a rumor, circulated via the scab newspapers, that **WHYT**, "**The Planet**," may switch formats to young urban contemporary. And why not, as the radio market in Detroit can only support so many alternative clone-rock stations.

in most situations, competition in a market opens up more choices and specialization as competitors try to win customers. Yet in the rock radio market, more competition has offered us less choice. It's as if all the radio stations bought the same alternative rock format from the same New York radio format smack. Oh, there are minor nuances among the stations, having more to do with the radio station's past, than anything else. **WHYT** plays the occasional dance mix, which comes from their previous incarnation as an R&B dance hit station. **WDZR**, "**Z Rock**," plays a healthy chunk of heavy metal with its alternative mix. **WLLZ**, before its format change, threw in a random standard rock tune from **VAN HALEN** and **AC/DC**. **CIMX**, "**89X**," a Canadian station, is forced by Canadian Content Law to play Canadian bands, so you'll hear the intermittent **Sarah McLachlan** or **SLOAN** tune. Even **WRIF** grudgingly plays the big names in alternative rock, only because they feel they must. For the most part radio stations in Detroit all play the same hits by the same bands, over and over and over. If I hear "Bullet With Butterfly Wings," one more time, I swear I'm going to smash **Billy Corgin's** pumpkin face. Ditto the **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS**. Or **BUSH**. Or **ALICE IN CHAINS**. Or **PEARL JAM**. Or **Alanis Morissette**. When **Alanis** first appeared on the scene just a half a year ago, I thought it was the most exciting thing to happen in a long time, a nice blend of R&B, dance and alternative rock. Now, I can't change the station fast enough when one of her songs comes on. Some radio stations have the nerve to announce they are playing a "new" song by a band whose record has been out over a year. A couple of obvious examples would be the so-called "new" songs by **BUSH**, **LIVE** and the **GIN BLOSSOMS** album is from 1992! As competition in alternative radio became more fierce, program managers narrowed the focus to "the sure thing." None of the radio stations do a very good job of playing local bands (Sorry, **Kelly Brown**, a half-hour on late Sunday nights just isn't good enough). If a local band is played, it's only after the band breaks big on the coasts; **SPONGE** comes to mind.

So weep not for the loss of an alternative radio station, for now there may be more choices.

(Here's **Allen's** answer to the **WDZR's** Program Director, **Joel Morgan's** letter in **ETCH #7** [Vol. 2 - No. 1], ed.)

Dear Norman,

...I liked the letter from the **WDZR** programming director. Silly me to think **Z-Rock** is a heavy metal station. I thought the groups they played...**AC/DC**, **Ozzy**, **MEGADETH**, **RATT**, **MOTLEY CRUE**, **RUSH**, **JACKYL**, **VAN HALEN**, **STONE TEMPLE PILOTS**, **PANTERA**, **ALICE IN CHAINS**, **SHOTGUN MESSIAH, METALLICA**...were heavy metal. I stand corrected.

Did **FILTER** not like the remix because they are **Chicago Blackhawks'** fans? Or because somebody was screwing around with their art (and they were just being polite by mentioning the **Blackhawks'** thing)? Just 'cuz **Reprise Records** thinks tampering with **FILTER's** "Nice Shot Man" was worth it because of increased sales, doesn't mean it's a good idea. **Reprise** is trying to sell product. If only the program director knew his audience and the musicians as well as he knows promotion and marketing.

BAND SHOWS

Wednesday April 10th

Lungfish The Magic Stick
Bill Miller 7th House Pontiac
Let's Go Bowling The Articles Small Planet East Lansing All Ages (early 7:00 PM)
Hawktones w/ Hank & Junior R.K.C.
Ditch Croaker Metro Chicago

Thursday April 11th

Golden Smog The Majestic Detroit
7 Year Bitch St. Andrew's Hall Detroit
Botfly 19 Wheels Intersection G. R.
The Verve Pipe Orbit Room Gd Rapids
Blues-In-The-House R.K.C. G.R.

Friday April 12th

Botfly Motor Dolls Jupiter Room Pontiac
Dash Rip Rock The Magic Stick
Ministry Young Gods State Theatre Detroit
Howard Jones 7th House Pontiac
Scott Morgan Tap Room Detroit
Ruby The Shelter Detroit
Skatalites Parka Kings The Articles The Majestic Detroit
Funeral Oration Falling Sickness B.E. Henry Hall Marshall
Claire Lynch State Theater Kalamazoo
JV/All Stars Rhythm Kitchen Cafe
The Verve Pipe Asylum Toledo

Saturday April 13th

Dishwalla The Refreshments Lounge Flounder The Shelter
Mule Rupert Seed The Magic Stick
Howling Diablos 7th House Pontiac
The Verve Pipe Michigan Theater A. A.
Lemon James Gonzo's Coffe House
Borax Green Room Ypsilanti
Johnnie Bassett & The Blues Insurgents Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Sunday April 14th

Garbage Polara St. Andrew's Hall
Iggy Pop State Theatre Detroit
Silkworm The Magic Stick Detroit
Mule Bantam Rooster Small Planet
G. Love Botfly Erickson Kiva Michigan State University East Lansing

Wednesday April 17th

The Band The Majestic
The Pogues St. Andrew's Hall
Subdudes Anders Osborne 7th House
Galactic Cowboys Reptile House
Hawktones Rhythm Kitchen Cafe
The Verve Pipe Botfly Albion College Auditorium Albion

Thursday April 18th

Buddy Guy Majestic Theater
Botfly Knee Deep Shag Blind Pig
Byther Smith Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Friday April 19th

Lonnie Brooks The Magic Stick
Front Line Assembly The Majestic
Holiday Godzuki Zoot's Detroit
House Of Pain Harpo's
Botfly Cross Street Station Ypsilanti
JV/All Stars Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Saturday April 20th

Enuff Z'Nuff The Palladium Roseville
Run On Hugh The Magic Stick
Sacred Reich Harpo's
Botfly Homegroans Erickson Kiva
Guided By Voices Cibo Matto
Holiday Grand Valley State University
Off-The-Wall Blues Band R.K.C.
Battlefield Band Kellogg Auditorium Battle Creek

Sunday April 21st

The Grifters Ass Ponys Retsin The Magic Stick Detroit
Sleater-Kinney Zoot's Detroit

Monday April 22nd

Grifters Ass Ponys Small Planet E.L.
Madhouse Rhythm Kitchen Cafe G.R.

Tuesday April 23rd

Cowboy Junkies Michigan Theater
Tears For Fears St. Andrew's Hall

Thursday April 25th

Bad Religion Dance Hall Crashers Unwritten Law State Theatre Detroit
Horace Pinker St. Andrew's
Botfly Rick's East Lansing
Steady Rollin' Bob Margolin R.K.C.

Friday April 26th

Velocity Girl Chisel Blind Pig
Botfly La Hacienda Grand Rapids
JV/All Stars Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Saturday April 27th

Deicide Harpo's Detroit
Kid Rock The Palladium Roseville
Pure Bastard Extract Absence
Tension Splash The Spotlight Monroe
Paul Vornhagen Group R.K.C.
Botfly Rock and Reggae Oil City

Friday April 28th

Johnny Socko Majestic Theatre
Velocity Girl Blind Pig Ann Arbor
JV/All Stars Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Monday April 29th

Blue Meanies Small Planet All Ages (early 7:00 PM)
Rhythm Pigs Godzuki Universal Indians Small Planet (late)
Velocity Girl Chisel Reptile House
Madhouse Rhythm Kitchen Cafe

Tuesday April 30th

eyehategod Pachinko The Old Miami
Botfly Domestic Problems Sluggo's Grand Rapids
Little Charlie & The Nightcats R.K.C.

Wednesday May 1st

eyehategod Pachinko Club Soda

Friday May 3rd

Kim Richey 7th House

Sunday May 5th

Pure Bastard Extract MOG Dead Clown Pile Brick Face Thrall The Mosquito Club Westland All Ages 3PM

Friday May 10th

Pure Bastard Extract Elephant Ear Broadzilla The Impound Detroit
The Clutters The Chapbook Cafe (Schuler's Book Store) Okemos

Saturday May 11th

The Misfits St. Andrew's Detroit

Tuesday May 14th

MU330 Superdot Small Planet All Ages (early 7:00 PM)

Saturday May 18th

Girls Against Boys The Shelter

Friday May 24th

Pure Bastard Extract Superdot Goddamnits Absence Broadzilla (A Distraught CD Bash) The Old Miami

RELEASE DATES

April 9th

godheadSilo Skyward In Triumph (Sub Pop)
Knowhothing tba (World Domination)
Scud Mountain Boys Massachusetts (Sub Pop)
Skrew Shadow of Doubt (Metal Blade)

April 16th

Arcwelder Entropy (Touch & Go)
Glenn Branca Songs '77-'79 (Atavistic)
The Dream Syndicate 3 & 1/2: Lost Tapes (Atavistic)
Gaunt Kryptonite (Thrill Jockey)
Buddy Guy Live! The Real Deal (Silvertone)
Hippopotamus Hippopotamus (Grass)
Loomis You're No Tiger Meow, Meow, Meow (Grass)
Man...Or Astroman? Experiment Zero (Touch & Go)
Mekons United (Quarterstick)
Melt-Banana Scratch Or Stitch (Skin Graft)
Wharton Tiers Brighter Than Life (Atavistic)
Scissor Girls We People Space With Phantoms (Atavistic)

April 23rd

By The Grace Of God s/t (Victory)
Chum Dead To The World (Century Media)
The Path Of Resistence s/t (Victory)
Poison Idea Pig's Last Stand (Sub Pop)
Johnny Thunders Have Faith (Mutiny)

April 30th

Blastula tba (Atavistic)
Carbon I:S:M: Arc
Fifteen Surprise! (Grass)
Gumdrops High Speed...OK? (Grass)
Killdozer/Alice Donut Michael Gerald's Party Machine (Touch & Go)
Mars '78 (reissue) (Atavistic)
Polvo Exploding Drawing (Touch & Go)
Space Streakings Over Mount Shasta Shakuhachi Surprise (Skin Graft)

May 7th

Grave Hating Life (Century Media)
Loop Guru Amrita (World Domination)

May 21st

Brainiac Smack Bunny Baby (Grass)
Brainiac Bonsai Superstar (Grass)
Fifteen Buzz (Grass)

June 4th

Chimera Earthloop (Grass)
Decoryah Fall Dark Water (Metal Blade)

June 18th

Half Hour To Go Items For The Full Outfit (Grass)

ADDRESSES

Alive/Total Energy POB 7112 Burbank, CA 91510
Another Planet 740 Broadway New York, NY 10003
Anti-Music POB 20178 Ferndale, MI 48220
Automatic 33112 Walden Way Paw Paw, MI 49079
Broken Rekids POB 460402 San Francisco, CA 94146
Caroline 114 W. 26th St. New York, NY 10001
Century Media 1453-A 14th St. #324 Santa Monica, CA 90404
Cleopatra/Hypnotic 8726 S. Sepulveda-Ste. D-82 Los Angeles, CA 90045
Detroit Electric 21918 Harper Ave St. Clair Shores, MI 48080
eMpTy POB 12034 Seattle, WA 98102
Energy 545 8th Ave. 17th Fl. New York, NY 10018
Estrus POB 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227
Fat Wreck Chords POB 460144 San Francisco, CA 94146
Faye POB 732 Columbia, MO 65205
Fierce Recordings 6 Greene St. - 2ND Fl. New York, NY 10013
Hep-Cat POB 17022 Chapel Hill, NC 27516
Hopeless 15910 Ventura Blvd. 11th Fl. Encino, CA 91436-2804
Initial POB 251145 West Bloomfield, MI 48325
Jade Tree 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmigton, DE 19810
Tim/Kerr POB 42423 Portland, OR 97242
Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State St. #418 Olympia, WA 98501
Litterbox 35 Sunnyridge Rd. Spring Valley, NY 10977
Lonely Kid POB 401281 Redford, MI 48240
Mediumistic 62 Landers Street San Francisco, CA 94114
Metal Blade 2345 Erringer Rd. - Suite 108 Simi Valley, CA 93065-2200
New Red Archives POB 210501 San Francisco, CA 94121
Overture 47551 Iroquois Ct. Novi, MI 48374-3635
PCP Entertainment POB 1689 New York, NY 10009-8908
Reservoir POB 790366 Middle Village, NY 11379-0366
Rise 2116 Guadalupe #210 Austin, TX 78705
Roadrunner 536 Broadway New York, NY 10012
Satellite 920 E. Colorado #151 Pasadena, CA 91106
Seeland 1920 Monument Blvd., MF-1, Concord, CA 94520
Shredder 75 Plum Tree Lane #3 San Rafael, CA 94901
Sicko/Top Drawer Records 1912 Franklin Ave. E. Seattle WA 98102-3613
Spit In Your Face 363 W. Main St. Waukesha, WI 53186
Stool Pigeon 227 Railroad St. Chelsea, MI 48118
Third Gear POB 1886 Royal Oak, MI 48068
Third Party 21 Nancy Lane Amherst, NY 14228
Throbbing Cop POB 2226 Ann Arbor, MI 48106
Touch & Go POB 25520 Chicago, IL 60625
Triple X POB 862529 Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529
Unclean POB 49737 Austin, TX 78765
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Wicked Disc 38 Everett St. Allston, MA 02134

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Third release from the boys of Brooklyn finds them still brash and raucus. This 3-piece power unit is sure to please all fans with the Cop Shoot Cop/Barkmarket state of mind.
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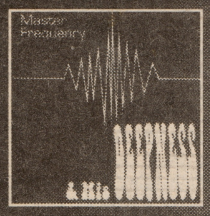

TIM HARRINGTON
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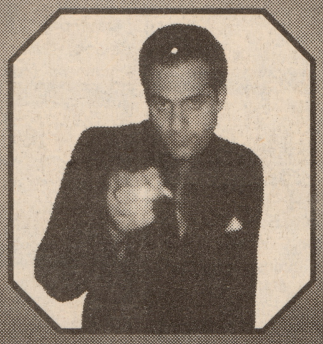

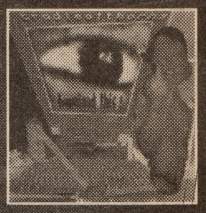

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